

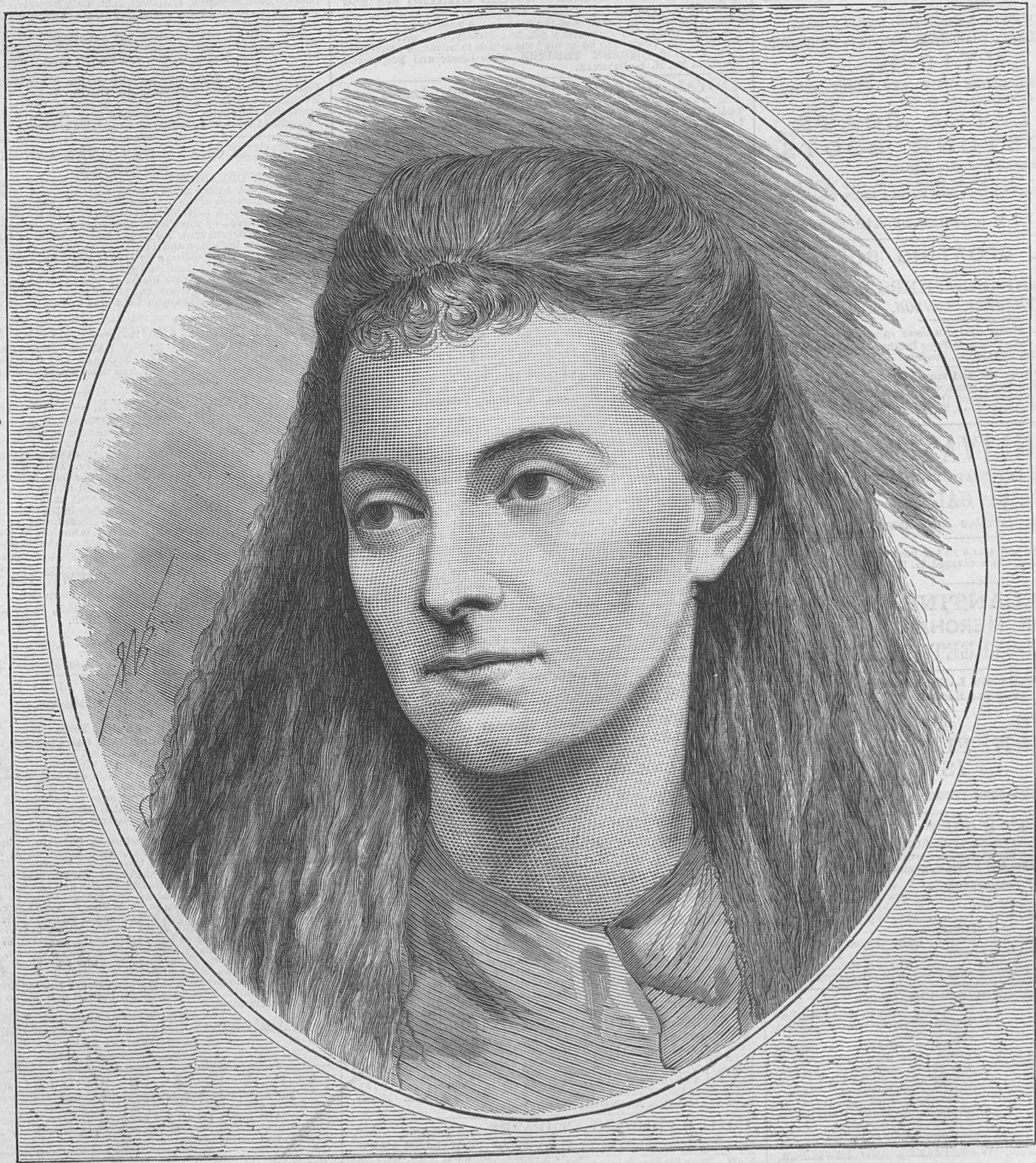
THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 48.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS EMILY FOWLER AS 'LOUISE' IN "THE TWO ORPHANS."

RAILWAYS.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. NOTICE.

On and after FRIDAY, January 1, 1875, the FIRST AND SECOND CLASS FARES between London, Bedford, Northampton, and towns in the Eastern District of the Company's System, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, and CARLISLE, will be REDUCED to the same Fares as charged by other Railway Companies.

The First and Second Class Fares between England and Scotland will be revised and reduced, and return tickets of all classes will be available for one month.

Through booking of second-class passenger traffic between Midland and London and North-Western Companies will be discontinued.

Return tickets, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes, with the exceptions named below, will be generally available between all stations for distances up to and including 50 miles for seven days, and above that distance for one month. This will be extended to through booking arrangements with the North Staffordshire, Cambrian, Furness, Great Northern, and Great Eastern Railway Companies.

The stations excepted are between London, Oxford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Birkenhead, and the Shrewsbury and South Wales District.

Third-class passengers will be carried by the same trains as at present. A revised scale of season-tickets for corn, coal, and cattle dealers will be issued.

Reserved first-class compartments, and the use of family carriages and sleeping saloons, may be obtained on application to the company's district superintendents at Euston Station (London), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Lancaster, Shrewsbury, Abergavenny, and Swansea; or to the Chief Passenger Superintendent, Euston Station.

By order, GEORGE FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, London, December 29, 1874.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. INSURANCE OF VALUABLE PARCELS.

On and after Friday, 1st January, 1875, a considerably REDUCED SCALE OF RATES will be brought into operation at the stations for the INSURANCE OF VALUABLE PARCELS conveyed by the London and North-Western Railway, both by passengers and goods trains.

Full particulars of these rates will be given in the company's public notices, and may be obtained from the station-masters and goods-agents throughout the line. GEORGE FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, Dec. 1874.

NOTICE.

J. C. CORDING & Co., WATERPROOFERS (ESTABLISHED 1839).

HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR, TO 19, PICCADILLY, CORNER OF AIR STREET.

CAUTION.

THEY HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE.

ORIGINAL MAKER OF THE

VENTILATED COATS, THE IDSTONE BOOTS

(Registered), and other specialties.

From Field, Jan. 30:—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been too long before the public to fail in that respect."

19, PICCADILLY (corner of Air Street).

FOR ALL SPORTING BOOTS

APPLY TO

FAGG BROTHERS, 29, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.

In their Boots Corns and Bunions cannot exist. See quotations from daily letters to Fagg Brothers, Bootmakers, 29, Haymarket, London.

"I enclose cheque for your bill, and must ask you to keep the lasts which were used in making these boots, which fit to perfection. I have suffered so much that I cannot resist thanking you for the comfort I derive from your skill and attention.—J. T., April 23, 1874."

OLD GLENLIVAT WHISKY.

THE FINEST WHISKY THAT SCOTLAND PRODUCES.

19s. per GALLON.

42s. per Dozen, Bottles and Cases included.

Two and 3 dozen cases, and 4 to 6 gallon jars, carriage paid to any railway station in England. Jars charged 1s. 2d. per gallon; allowed for when returned.

GEO. BALLANTINE & SON, WINE MERCHANTS,

100, UNION-STREET, GLASGOW.

23, IRONMONGER LANE, LONDON. (THE OLD HOUSE.)

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.

Ask for JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR, and take no other.

WINES WITHOUT PLASTER.

*The PURE WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited),

22, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

SUPPLY the WINES of Spain and Portugal, guaranteed free from Plaster and its effects.

	SHERRIES.	Strength.	Price per doz.
Natural Wines, free from plaster	under 26 p. ct.	30s. to 36s.	
The finest old Wines shipped, ditto	30 to 35 p. ct.	40s. to 75s.	

	RED WINES.	Price per doz.
Consumo (Portuguese Claret), from Oporto	under 26 p. ct.	24s.
Collares (Portuguese Claret), from Lisbon	Ditto	26s.
Finest Alto Douro Ports	28 to 32 p. ct.	30s. to 40s.

* The only House where unplastered Sherries can be obtained.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

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A. FURTWANGLER, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, 165A, STRAND.

A GREAT SELECTION OF FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND GERMAN JEWELLERY.

Gold Watches from £3 3s. to £40.

Silver Watches from £2 2s. to £10 10s.

A Great Assortment of Clocks and Timepieces.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Every Evening at 7, TEN OF 'EM, after which the Christmas Grand Comic Pantomime, ALADDIN; or, THE WONDERFUL LAMP. The celebrated Vokes Family, Harlequinade, Double Troupe of Pantomimists. Morning Performances Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.—Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BABES IN THE WOOD AND THE BIG BED OF WARE.

The Press declares this Pantomime to throw into the shade all that have yet been produced.

"Good music, brilliant ballet, glittering costumes, grotesque dances, and gorgeous scenic accessories."—Times.

"A spectacle probably never before realised on any stage."—Morning Post.

"There will be few pictures seen at once so brilliant and accurately artistic."—Telegraph.

"Artist and manager were called, the applause being overwhelming."—Daily News.

"The story is treated in a poetised manner, simply and tenderly."—Standard.

"Every perfection we look for in a stage picture."—Advertiser.

"Nothing could be more brilliant."—Era.

DAY PERFORMANCES, at 2 o'clock, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee and Manager.—LEGITIMATE ATTRACTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS, will be repeated every evening, in consequence of its increasing success. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mend; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webster; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pouncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMLET.—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now

PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Graham, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime Bouffe (by H. B. Farnie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (specially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney, Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloon, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maltby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queen"). Full band and chorus of 60. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Misses Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Thérèse de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday, at two.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.—

Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SIKES & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lillian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAXM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. Mesdames Kate Santley, Lennox Grey, Grace Armtyage, and Julia Mathews; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrott, Swarbeck, W. Worboys, Clifton, Paul, Parry, and C. Heywood; Mlles. Pitteri, Pertoldi, Sidonie, and M. Dewinne. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq., and executed by Misses Fisher and S. May. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

ALHAMBRA.—Enthusiastic Reception of Miss

KATE SANTLEY on her Re-appearance as Dick in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

ALHAMBRA.—Gigantic Success of Miss JULIA

MATHEWS as Alice in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30, with PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Phæbe Dort, M. Davis, and Mrs. Clifford Cooper; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Holman, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the best Pantomime ever produced. Every Evening at 7. Morning performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, to which children, under ten, half price.

GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor,

Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.—THIS EVENING, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM; or, HARLEQUIN BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES. Mr. George Conquest (who will introduce his wonderful phantom flight), assisted by George Conquest, jun., Messrs. Campbell, A. Williams, Grant, Osmond, Inch; Misses Delamonte, Cooke, Lizzie Conquest, Victor, Denvil, and Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Corps de Ballet.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Gorgeously

Beautiful. At quarter before Seven, THE BLACK STATUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND THE MAGIC APPLE TREE. Mrs. S. LANE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland; Mlles. Summers, Randall, Rayner, Fanny Lupino. The Great LUPINO TROUPE OF PANTOMIMISTS (10 in number), and JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE. With THE RED MAN'S RIFLE. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Newbound; Miss M. Bellair.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

SHEPHERD.—Reproduction of LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. An enormous success.—Monday and during the week, THE WATER-MAN. Tom Tug, with songs, Mr. E. Rosenthal. At 8.30, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Mr. H. Nordblom, Messrs. Marler, Murray, Greville, Miss Munroe, Mlle, Manetti.—On Saturday next, Balfe's Opera of THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

MISS KATE SANTLEY as DICK WHITTINGTON,

ROYAL ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Every Evening.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending

JANUARY 30th, 1875.

MONDAY, Jan. 25, to THURSDAY, Jan. 28.—Christmas Festivities. Pantomime, *Cinderella*, at 3. Miscellaneous entertainment, comprising Arabian Athletes, Performing Dogs, Comic Ballets, &c., at 12.30. Punch and Judy at 12 and 2.

FRIDAY, Jan. 29.—Pantomime, *Cinderella*. Punch and Judy at 12 and 2.

SATURDAY, Jan. 30.—Concert.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS OF LADY JANE GREY, the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Dr. Kenealy, the Claimant, the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under twelve, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from ten a.m. till ten p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—

OPEN DAILY (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d.—Among the most recent additions is a Didunculus from the Samoan Islands, presented by Mr. J. W. Boddam-Whetham.

LAST EIGHT REPRESENTATIONS.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S ENTERTAINMENT,

WESTBOURNE HALL, BAYSWATER.

To-day, SATURDAY, at 3. EVERY EVENING next week (except SATURDAY), at 8. WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, Feb. 27 and 30 at 3, on which dates Mr. George Grossmith, jun., will give his musical sketch, THEATRICALS AT THE SPIS LODGE. Mr. Walter Pelham and Miss Blanche Navarre will appear at each representation.

27 { DISTINCT TYPES OF CHARACTER AND SONG,

Not counting two Dogs, a Flock of Sheep, one Judge, a Baby, and a Policeman.

Tickets may be had at MITCHELL'S and the principal Libraries.

HENGLE'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyle Street,

Oxford Circus.

The Garden Party, a scene of enchantment, pronounced unanimously by the Press to be a most charming entertainment. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. The incidents can be comprehended and admired by persons of all ages. The Proprietor urges the necessity of booking seats in advance to prevent disappointment.

Miniature Impersonations of Marshal M'Mahon, the Emperor of Germany, Count Bismarck, Garibaldi, John Bull, Napoleon I., and the Shah will visit the Garden Party at Hengle's Grand Cirque, EVERY MORNING and EVENING.

Mlle. FELIX will introduce her matchless POODLES at EVERY MORNING and EVENING ENTERTAINMENT. Extraordinary Skating by Mlle. Rose, Messrs. French and Harris. Also Wooda Cook, the Great American Rider.

The wondrous Equestrian and Gymnastic Feats, and the gorgeous Pantomime, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, EVERY DAY at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private Boxes, containing six chairs, 30s. Box-office open, at the Cirque, from 10 till 4. Post-office Orders and cheques made payable to Charles Hengle.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE

(late ASTLEY'S).

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 2 and 7, commencing with SCENES in the ARENA by the great equestrian troupe, and terminating with a juvenile illustration of the Battle of Waterloo. The united press have pronounced ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP; or, Harlequin and the Forty Thieves, or the Flying Horses of Lambeth, to be the greatest Pantomime ever produced. 700 people, horses, ponies, camels, dromedaries, Spanish oxen, buffaloes, and 11 trained elephants (including one white one, the only one of the kind ever seen in this country), all in one scene. This sight is not only great and gorgeous, but a perfect marvel in the hippodramatic art.—Private boxes, 1l. 10s. to 5l. 5s.; dress circle, 4s.; orchestra stalls, 2s. 6d.; boxes, 2s.; pit stalls, 2s.; upper circle, 1s. 6d.; pit, 1s.; gallery 6d.—Box-office open from 10 to 4 daily, under the direction of Mr. Drysdale.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—ELEVENTH WEEK of

the NEW SEANCE. EVERY DAY at Three, EVERY NIGHT at eight, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission from 5s. to 1s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, and seats can be booked at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, and all Agents.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NEW DRAWING-

ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.—W. MORTON, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. The Times of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we wax angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England,

Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ABERDEEN, JANUARY 25, for

TWELVE NIGHTS.

Glasgow. Greenock. | Sheffield. | Hanley. | Newcastle.

&c. &c. to follow.

Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

MR. CHARLES ROBERTS,

5, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH,

LONDON.

Established Twelve Years.

Musical Agent for Theatres, Music Halls, Café Chantants and Cirques, Fêtes and Galas,

ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Correspondence in Four European Languages.

OFFICE HOURS 11 to 4.

Mr. Roberts has unequalled advantages in introducing premier provincials and genuine novelties to the leading English and Foreign managers, from whom he has instructions to engage talent of the best stamp for early or distant dates.

The Engagements of George Leybourne, Clarence Holt, Henri Clark, Fred Foster, Harvey and Connelley, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson (Sussex Dwarf), Algar's Monstre Troupe, The Banvards, Minnie Rogers, Elspa and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Coyne, Harman and Elston, Milburn, The Randall, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Clara Fay's Fairy Troupe, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Italian Choir, Tom Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella de Vere, Seward Brothers, Matthews Family, Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Laura Fay, Estelle Troupe, Sybil Ray, Bessie Bonehill, Louie Rosalie, Misses Creswick and Vezin, Annie Wilder, Elise Vibart, Little Lizzie Cootie, Saphirin, Sidney Stevens, Dick Geldard, Harry Dales, Maude Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Fred Roberts, Storelli, Albert West, Flora Plimsoll, Celia Dashwood, Mlle. Esther Austin's Great Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Coupar, Quiler and Goldrick, The Guidas and Neviers Skaters, Harvey Trio, De Voy, Le Clerq, and Hearn, Sam Torr, Mons. Bonvini and Mlle. Lanzani, and fifty other favourites,

Are made by this Agency.

CHARLES ROBERTS' STAR LOUNGE CORNER CLUB ROOMS,

55, WATERLOO ROAD.

NOTICE.—No Booking Fees.

O P E R A - B O U F F E . —

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE'S Office.

Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing Cross.

MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr.

C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

S. HAYES' WESTEND BOX-OFFICE.—Cramer

and Co., 199, Regent Street, W.—PRIVATE BOXES, Stalls, and Front-row Dress Circle, at every theatre in London.

FINE ART.—E. C. HOGAN, 3, ST. MICHAEL'S ALLEY, CORNHILL, and 35 & 36, PARLIAMENT STREET, S.W. has on view Choice Specimens of Old WORCESTER, CHELSEA, DRESDEN, and SEVRES CHINA, also a Collection of OIL PAINTINGS by the best Masters, amongst which are three splendid examples of F. R. Lee, R.A., also CHARLES HUNT's last and finest work, entitled "Terms of Peace."

BRONZES and various articles of VERTU.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA,
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder,
Guaranteed all Cocoa, with the excess of Fat extracted.
Pronounced by the Faculty "the most nutritious, perfectly digestible Beverage for BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER." Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A Teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup costs a Halfpenny. In Tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers. Samples free by post.
H. SCHWEITZER & Co., 10, Adam Street, Adelphi, London.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

The Drama.

THE theatres continue to be unusually well attended, the majority becoming densely crowded both at the afternoon and evening performances soon after the doors are thrown open. The pantomimes are now to be seen at their best, and are in the full tide of prosperity, while the standing programmes at those theatres where special holiday entertainments have not been provided, are equally attractive and as liberally patronised. These comprise *Hamlet*, with Mr. Henry Irving, at the Lyceum; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Gaiety, with Mr. Phelps as 'Falstaff,' Mrs. John Wood and Miss Rose Leclercq as the two 'Merry Wives,' Miss Furtado as sweet 'Anne Page,' and Messrs. Vezin, Arthur Cecil, Righton, Belford, Maclean, &c., as the other characters; *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket, with Mr. Sothorn as 'Dundreary,' and Miss Minnie Walton as 'Mary,' the latter appearing also as 'Gertrude' in *The Loan of a Lover*; *Our American Cousin* will have reached its hundredth representation next Friday, when it will be withdrawn for the present; on Saturday evening the late Mr. Robertson's comedy of *Home* will be revived and will be played in conjunction with *The Serious Family*. At the Princess's, *Lost in London* has continued to be played in conjunction with the pantomime *Beauty and the Beast*, but will be replaced to-night by a revival of Mr. Byron's drama of *The Lancashire Lass*, with a cast nearly as strong as the original one at the Olympic, and will include Mr. Sam Emery as the party by the name of 'Johnston,' Mr. W. Terriss as 'Ned Clayton,' Miss Lydia Foote as 'Ruth Kirby,' Mrs. A. Mellon as 'Kate Garstone,' Mr. Belmore as 'Spotty,' Mr. F. Dewar as 'Jellick,' and J. B. Howard as 'Robert Redburn.' *The Dream at Sea* now precedes the pantomime at the Adelphi, but will shortly be replaced by a revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. *The Two Orphans* still draws full houses to the Olympic, but its last nights are announced to make way for Mr. Albery's new comedy; at the Strand Mr. Byron's *Old Sailors* and Mr. Farnie's extravaganza, *Loo, and the Party who took Miss*, show no abatement of attraction; the former was played for the eighty-third time, last evening, and the latter reached its one hundredth representation on the previous evening. Mrs. Bancroft's charming personation of the placid elderly gentlewoman, in the "autumn" act of Mr. Gilbert's dramatic contrast, *Sweethearts*, and the revived comedy, *Society*, are more attractive than ever at the Prince of Wales's, and places have to be booked days in advance with any prospect of securing seats. *Blue Beard*, with Miss Lydia Thompson, Rachel Sanger, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Edouin, flourishes at the Globe. Miss Ada Cavendish, in her artistic impersonation of 'Mercy Merrick,' in *The New Magdalen*, nightly fills the Charing Cross. Lecocq's charming comic opera, *Les Près St. Gervais*, continues its triumphant career at the Criterion; while the same composer's irrepressible *La Fille de Madame Angot* holds her place still, both at the Holborn Amphitheatre, now under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead, and at the Philharmonic, preceded at the former, since Monday, by *The Beggar's Opera*, and at the latter, by the musical farce of *The Waterman*. *Peacock's Holiday and Brighton*, maintain their places in the programme of the Court, the production of Mr. Maddison Morton's new comedieta, *Maggie's Situation*, having been indefinitely postponed, through the continued indisposition of Mrs. Chippendale.

The usual morning performances of the pantomimes at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Sanger's (Astley's), and Standard, took place on Saturday, as well as of *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket, *Blue Beard* at the Globe, and *Little Red Riding Hood* at Hengler's Grand Cirque. *The Lady of Lyons*, was repeated at the Gaiety *matinée*, with the same cast as on the previous Saturday, including Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte' and 'Pauline.' The success attending these performances of *The Lady of Lyons* at the Gaiety *matinées*, led Mr. Hollingshead to take the Opera Comique, which only closed on Friday, on the termination of Miss Amy Sheridan's season, for the purpose of giving a series of representations of Lord Lytton's popular play—and, accordingly, with the energy and promptness which characterises his managerial tactics, in the brief interval he engaged a competent company to support Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and opened the theatre on Monday evening with *The Lady of Lyons*; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal resuming the two leading rôles and supported by Mr. Ryder as 'Colonel Damas,' Mr. E. F. Edgar as 'Beausant,' Mr. Garthorne as 'Glavis,' and Mrs. Buckingham White as 'Madame Deschappelles.' The efficiency of the representation caused the play to be received with great favour, and it has been repeated nightly with equal success.

The only other event of importance in the theatrical world during the week, was the production on Saturday evening at the Vaudeville of Mr. Byron's new comedy, *Our Boys*, of which a notice appears in another column.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke have just introduced a new feature into their clever entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. It consists of a small mechanical figure, about 22 inches in height, and which is designated "Psycho." The automaton, dressed in Oriental robes, is seated upon a transparent column of glass, and both are submitted to the minutest scrutiny on the part of such of the audience as may please, previous to its going through a series of most astounding feats of conjuring with cards, arithmetical calculations, and finally taking a hand in a game of whist with three volunteers from the audience, and playing not only correctly and judiciously, but a very excellent game, in fact, winning the odd trick cleverly, and then indicating his approval of his partner's skilful support by cordially shaking him by the hand. This clever and ingenious piece of mechanism excels any of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's numerous previous marvels of skilful and ingenious inventions.

Besides to-day's usual Gaiety *matinée*, at which *She Stoops to Conquer* will be performed, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'young Marlow' and 'Miss Hardcastle,' and in which Mr. Arthur Cecil will appear for the first time as 'Tony Lumpkin,' and the customary day performances of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sanger's, &c. there will be by special desire, and under distinguished patronage, a day performance of the pantomime at the Surrey. The Haymarket and Globe will also have day performances, and the successful comedy, *Stage-land*, will be repeated this afternoon at the Vaudeville.

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. OUR BOYS.

MR. BYRON's first contribution to the Vaudeville Theatre, *Our Boys*, an original comedy in three acts, produced here with unqualified success on Saturday evening, exhibits some of the faults, but nearly all the best merits of that skilful and prolific dramatist. The story is simple, neatly constructed, and lucidly developed, with the exception of a little needless complication in the third act. The characters are admirably sketched and most cleverly contrasted; but all these merits are far surpassed by the remarkable brilliancy of the dialogue from beginning to end, nearly every line bristles with wit and epigram of true Byronic ring, and almost entirely free from the rudeness and cynicism characterising comedy repartee of late. The impossibility of parents controlling the heart's affections of youth by system has often been illustrated in the drama and fiction, and is the principal aim of *Our Boys*, in which Mr. Byron has further cleverly contrasted three pairs of personages, wholly dissimilar in character, and disposition. 'Sir Geoffrey Champneys' (Mr. William Farren) a stately and dignified baronet, proud of his ancient lineage; and 'Perkyn Middlewick' (Mr. David James), a retired butlerman, enormously wealthy, very genial and warm-hearted, but intensely vulgar and illiterate; their two sons 'Talbot Champneys' (Mr. Thorne), an apathetic and listless swell; and 'Charles Middlewick' (Mr. Charles Warner), manly, well educated, right-minded, and enthusiastic; and 'Violet Melrose' (Miss Kate Bishop), a rich heiress, sedate and refined; and her cousin 'Mary Melrose' (Miss Amy Roselle), poor, but vivacious and piquant. Both parents are proud of their sons, and each plumes himself on the superiority of his own peculiar system of bringing up: the unbending aristocrat relying on his plan of rigidity, as exacting enforced obedience from Talbot; and the rich and warm-hearted plebeian, equally assured that his unlimited indulgence would be reciprocated by Charles's voluntary compliance with his every wish. Both systems answer very well until Cupid interferes. Sir Geoffrey has determined that his son shall marry the heiress, Violet Melrose, without having considered Talbot's feeling in the matter at all. The two young men have been travelling together on the Continent, where they have met and fallen in love with the two cousins—Charles Middlewick with the heiress Violet, and Talbot Champneys with the penniless Mary Melrose. On the return home of 'Our Boys' Sir Geoffrey is incensed at the frustration of his hopes; while Violet, becoming horrified and disgusted at the vulgarity and ignorance of her future father-in-law, treats the sensitive butlerman with such scorn and disdain, that he too sets his face against his son Charles marrying the "naughty" heiress. The two parents try alternate entreaties and commands to induce their sons to obey them and give up their suits: then they threaten. But all in vain: the youths remain firm in refusing; until, in frenzied anger, the exasperated fathers denounce and cast off their sons, who manfully determine to carve out a position for themselves by their own exertions. They proceed to London, where, in the third act, we find them in a miserable garret, struggling against penury, but still too proud and independent to apply to their relatives. Here come successively Sir Geoffrey's spinster sister, with succour, in the shape of provisions—then the two parents, inwardly relenting, but each unwilling to be the first to openly acknowledge the weakness, and finally the two cousins,—after a series of complications, quite needlessly delaying the dénouement, and which arise from misconceptions, all of which are set to rights, the old people take back the "boys" again to their hearts—and willingly consent to the marriage of their sons to the objects of their own choice, and all ends happily. The characters are nearly all of the conventional type, and are most admirably embodied; particularly the retired tradesman, 'Perkyn,' by Mr. James; the lodging-house lady 'Belinda,' by Miss Cicely Richards; and the small part of 'Miss Champneys' by Miss Sophie Larkin;—all of which stand out conspicuous for their artistic excellence and truthfulness to nature. Mr. William Farren imparts due dignity and polished manner to the stern and proud baronet; Mr. Charles Warner is manly and easy as young 'Middlewick'; and Miss Kate Bishop and Miss Amy Roselle represent with charming grace and appropriate finish the opposite characteristics of the sedate heiress, 'Violet Melrose,' and her more lively cousin 'Mary.' The dialogue, as we have already stated, is brilliant throughout, everyone of the characters is loaded to the muzzle with bright and witty sallies, which follow each other in such succession that many must be lost, or only half heard, in the laughter which flows on with scarcely a moment's intermission. In this respect *Our Boys* is Mr. Byron's masterpiece.

THE GRECIAN THEATRE. SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM.

Snip, Snap, Snorum, the joint production of Messrs. Spry and George Conquest is this year's pantomime at the Grecian Theatre. It is smartly written, and full of astounding puns, and throughout admirably acted by the extensive company. Mr. George Conquest in his respective parts of 'Snip,' 'Snap,' 'Snorum,' appears as a bird, beast, and fish. As 'Snip,' the bird, he introduces a funny mechanical head, representing a half-fledged chick. If Mr. Conquest is inimitable in aping the monkey, he is equally successful in representing the feathered biped, and by the uproarious laughter which followed each gesture, he may add this to the rest of his triumphs in the grotesque. We are treated to a scene—"The Mangrove Swamp"—in which Messrs. G. Conquest and son go through the wonderful feats for which they are so famous,—shooting high up into the air, and then diving down traps, and up again, with marvellous celerity. 'Snap,' chased by Herbert, the hunter, is at last shot by a magic bullet from his gun, and eventually turned into an oyster. 'Snorum' retires into his shell, completely vanquished. The Conquests are relieved in some scenes by the humorous acting of Mr. Campbell as 'King Furioso,' and Mr. A. Williams. Miss Conquest looks pretty and acts prettily as 'Princess Sugarlips'; and her many lovers are smartly acted and gorgeously dressed by Misses Annie Delamonte, Nelly Cooke, and Inch. Miss M. A. Victor is very vivacious as 'Amazonia'; and as 'Presto' Miss Alice Denvil is exceedingly good. The opening, which throughout is extremely bright and funny, is brought to a close by a transformation, in which Mr. Soames, the scenic artist, has introduced a very pretty effect by throwing a variety of coloured lights on the artistically grouped ladies of the scene. Mr. Ruben Inch, as clown, is supported by an efficient harlequinade, who, in the usual after business, show that in nothing do they fall short of their West end rivals.

RE-OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL AT WORCESTER.

THIS theatre, which has been undergoing complete reconstruction for some time past, was re-opened on Monday last as a new erection in every respect. The house was crowded to excess, except the pit, for which only a limited number of tickets had been issued. The auditorium consists of a spacious pit holding 600 persons in comfortable seats; balcony-stalls for 106; upper circle behind the balcony for 100, and a gallery to hold from 600 to 700. There are also eight private boxes. There is not a single seat in the theatre from which a perfect view of the stage is not obtained. The Hon. Sec., Mr. W. D. Deighton, of High Street, Worcester, has been most indefatigable in his exertions to make the undertaking a success. And Messrs. Loom and Windley, the lessees, have promised to bring some of the leading dramatists of the stage. The performances commenced shortly after eight with an original prologue written and spoken by Capt. Castle, in which this gentleman spoke very highly of the services of Mr. Phipps, the architect, Mr. Jefferies, his assistant, and Mr. Dixon, the contractor.

The performances commenced with the comedy of *Lavater, or not a Bad Judge*. The actors being amateurs it would be invidious to criticise. We cannot refrain from bestowing commendation on the very effective and natural impersonation of 'Betman,' Capt. Castle, who impersonated the 'Count de Steinberg,' is worthy of mention. The gentleman who took the part of 'John Caspar Lavater' (the great physiognomist) did his work in a very creditable manner. The 'Marquis de Treval' was undertaken by Major McAdam in effective style. The rôles of 'Louise' and 'Madame Betman' were taken by Mrs. McAdam and Miss E. H. Hughes, and both females sustained their respective parts to the highest of their ability. The minor characters were creditably sustained. Then followed the comedieta *To Oblige Benson*. The representation of 'Mr. Trotter Southdown' was undertaken and accomplished in a skilful manner by Mr. Quinton Twiss, and fairly "brought down the house." Capt. Castle took his part as 'the Barrister' in fine style. The rôles of 'Mrs. Benson' and 'Mrs. Trotter Southdown' were taken in a spirited and appreciative manner by the Misses Hallett. Taking into consideration that the performers were only amateurs, they performed their parts in a most spirited manner, as was shown by the applause which was bestowed upon the several performers. At the commencement, the band of the Worcester Rifles played the National Anthem, after which followed great applause.

WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT BALL.

THE striking combinations of natural grace and beauty and artificial elegance, of which, once in each year, the Shire Hall at Worcester is the scene, was again presented on Tuesday, when the Worcestershire Hunt gave their annual Ball; an event which is looked forward to with the most pleasurable feelings, by those who are privileged to receive invitations. The company began to arrive shortly before ten o'clock, and did not finish until nearly 320 of the *élite* had put in an appearance. The dresses of the ladies present were elegant, which greatly contrasted with the uniform of the several members of the hunt. The decorations of the hall were not the same as previous years. The hall was effectively decorated by Mr. J. Allen, of Howard Street, Birmingham. The walls, to the height of ten feet, were covered with white drapery: the upper part was figured with white lace with a crimson ground. Over the doors in the side walls were placed the trophies of the chase, gracefully folded with drapery. The centre of the buffet bore the monogram of the club, "W. H. C." The following is a list of those present in the uniform of the hunt:—

Lord Coventry, Lord Hampton, Sir E. Lechmere, Sir F. S. Winnington, Hon. J. S. Pakington, Hon. H. Pakington, Hon. H. Tracy, Mr. H. Allsopp, M. P., Captain Castle, Mr. E. W. Haywood, Mr. Britten, Mr. J. V. Hornoyd, Mr. F. D. Holland, Mr. C. P. Noel, Mr. H. F. Vernon, Mr. W. H. Chellingworth, Major Clowes, Captain Ames (master), Mr. A. C. Hooper, Mr. Essington, Mr. E. Bearcroft, Mr. E. Vernon, Mr. Akroyd, Captain Andrew, Mr. G. E. Martin, Mr. E. H. Bearcroft, Captain W. H. Grazebrook, Mr. F. J. Williams, Captain Lewes, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. W. P. Hughes, Colonel Bell, Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. A. Martin, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. E. A. N. Roys, Captain Hancock, Mr. Jones-Williams, Mr. F. Parker, Mr. W. Bramwell, Captain Hill; besides which a brilliant general company was present.

MADAME CELESTE, we regret to hear, is seriously ill.

MR. BYRON's drama of *The Lancashire Lass* will be revived to-night at The Princess's.

By special desire there will be a morning performance of the pantomime *The Forty Thieves* at the Surrey to-day.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY is preparing a new piece to follow *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is shortly to be revived at the Adelphi.

MR. JOHN CLAYTON, by permission of Mr. Bateman, will play for Mr. Hare at the Court, where Mr. John Huy will resume his post as acting manager.

MR. JOHN CLARKE is engaged for the Adelphi, where also Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Terris will appear on the termination of the season at the Princess's.

MR. MADDISON MORTON's new comedieta *Maggie's Situation*, has, through the illness of Mrs. Chippendale, been indefinitely postponed by the management of the Court Theatre.

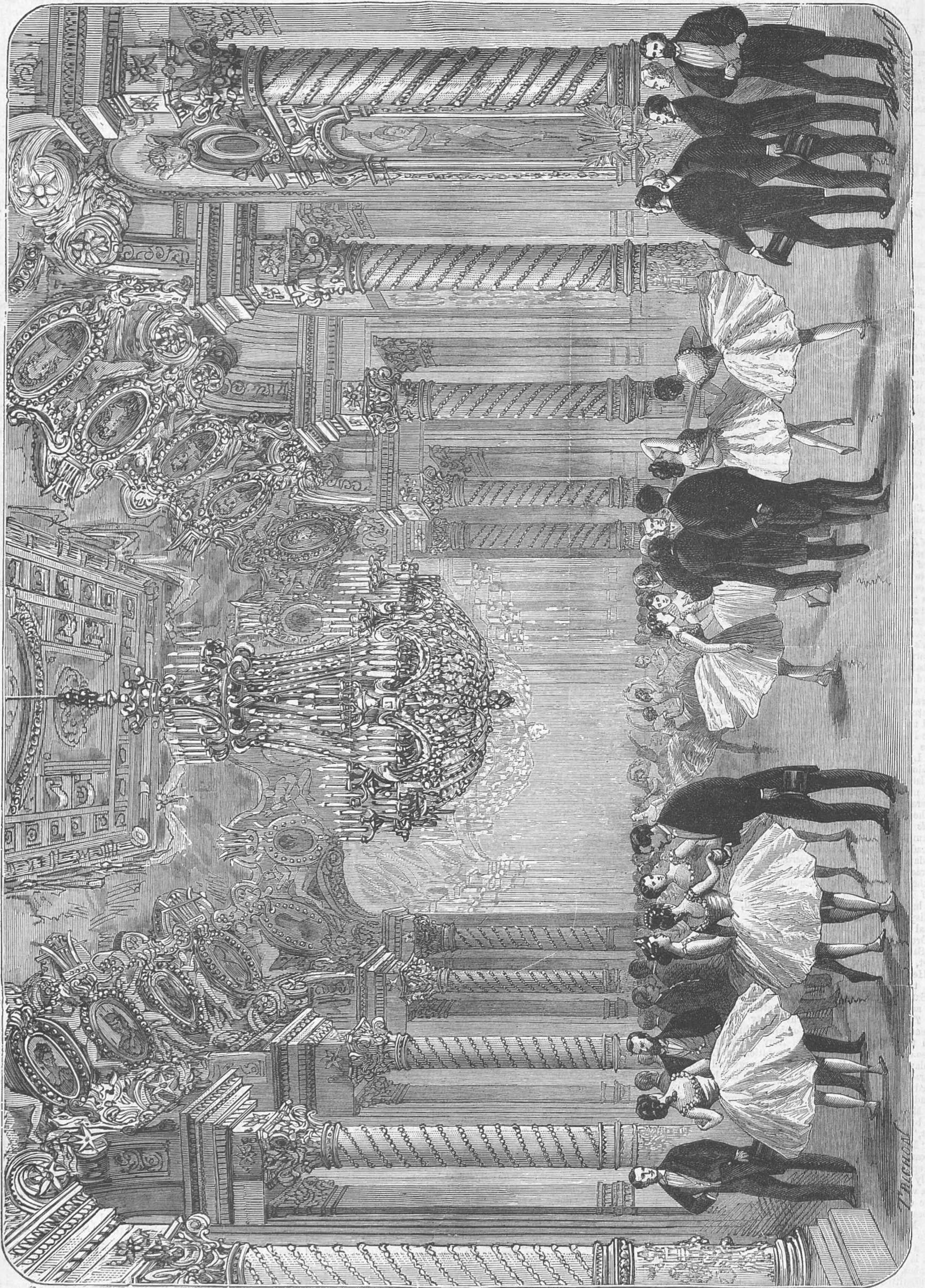
MR. FARNIE's bouffonnerie *Loo, and the Party who took Miss*, reached its hundredth representation at the Strand on Thursday evening, when Mr. Byron's *Old Sailors* was played for the eighty-second time.

THE comedy *Stage-land*, so favourably received on its production recently at a morning performance at the Vaudeville, will be repeated at another morning performance at the same theatre to-day, and with the same cast as previously.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW is to conduct the next Choral Union Concert at Edinburgh, on the 26th; and officiate in the same capacity at the "Wagner Night" of the Glasgow Choral Union, on the 25th.

ANOTHER of the Glasgow Choral Union Concerts came off on the 18th. The pieces performed by the resident orchestra, comprised Beethoven's *andante, scherzo*, and *finale* from the Septuor, Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, the overtures to *Semiramide* and the *Magic Flute*, and the *entr'acte* from *Rosamunde* (Schubert).

MR. HALLÉ and Madame Norman-Néruda gave a recital in Edinburgh, last Saturday afternoon, to a crowded audience. The great lady violinist played on her recently-acquired Stradivarius, a sonata in G by Tartini; a cavatina in D by Raff, and Lichtenstein's "Ungarischer." Mr. Hallé selected as his solos, Beethoven's Waldstein sonata, Mendelssohn's characteristic *Presto Scherzando*, Chopin's "Barcarole," and Schumann's "Arabesques." The duets comprised *Deutsche Reigen*, by F. Kiel, and Beethoven's Sonata in F, Op. 24. Mr. Hallé makes his next appearance in Edinburgh, on the 13th of February, as conductor of his great orchestra, who are to perform at the Reid Festival.



THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.—LE FOYER DE LA DANSE.



THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.—THE FOUNTAIN UNDER THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



"LE CERCLE DES PATINEURS" AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.
Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

ON Saturday last, after a brief interval, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts were recommenced; and they will now be continued without interruption until the end of the season, in April next. The following was the programme of the concert:—1, Overture, *The Wedding of Camacho*, Mendelssohn; 2, Recit. and Aria, "Als in mitternächter Stunde" (Jessonda), Spohr, (Miss Sophie Löwe); 3, Concerto for Pianoforte in A, Schumann, (Mr. Oscar Beringer); 4, Air, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" (Oberon), Weber, (Mr. Edward Lloyd); 5, Songs—*a*, "Es war ein alter König," Rubinstein; *b*, "Ungeduld," Schubert; *c*, "Wiegenlied," Brahms, (Miss Sophie Löwe, accompanied by Mr. Oscar Beringer); 6, Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven; 7, Songs—*a*, "Regret," *b*, "Hark the Lark," Schubert, (Mr. Edward Lloyd, accompanied by Mr. Oscar Beringer); 8, Overture, *Dimitri Donskoi*, Rubinstein (first time in England).—A. Manns, Conductor.

The Wedding of Camacho is one of Mendelssohn's early works, composed when he was but sixteen years old; and was the first of his operas produced in public; having been played at Berlin, April 29, 1827. It has been published in a pianoforte arrangement; but the orchestral score has never been printed, and it was by the courtesy of Mendelssohn's representatives that the Crystal Palace authorities were enabled to perform it publicly (for the first time in England) at the Saturday Concert of March 15, 1869. It is matter for regret that it should be withheld from musicians in general by remaining in manuscript, for it is full of charm, and would become widely popular amongst our numerous orchestral societies if attainable in the ordinary manner. The story of the opera is of course founded on a well-known portion of "Don Quixote;" and the opening chords, given to the trombones, are said to be "the same as those which occur throughout the opera, as the invariable prelude to the appearance of the knight of La Mancha." Other portions of the overture are illustrative of musical effects contained in the opera; and the work is so bright and suggestive, that one cannot help feeling desirous to hear the entire work. Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, has been performed on the English stage with great success, and was admirably rendered four years back at a *soirée* of the New Philharmonic Society at St. George's Hall; the principal rôles being sung by Miss Rose Hersee, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. If Mendelssohn's representatives could be sure of an equally efficient rendering of *The Wedding of Camacho*, there can be little doubt that they would allow us the gratification of hearing that work; and so much interest belongs to any and every work from the pen of Mendelssohn, that it seems as unjust to suppress one of his operas, as it would be to withhold a MS. play by Shakspeare.

The Schumann pianoforte concerto in A gave Mr. Oscar Beringer an opportunity of showing his consummate skill as a pianist. This gentleman is one of the best amongst modern professors of the pianoforte; and is not merely a brilliant executant, but is conspicuous for the intelligence and refinement of his readings. In the elaborate cadenza at the end of the first movement, a cadenza written by Schumann himself—he displayed marvellous power of execution; and distinguished himself still more in the difficult concluding movement,—"Allegro Vivace." He was equally successful in the interpretation of the many poetical and graceful phrases, which required refined *cantabile* playing. The concerto is a work of a high, but not the highest, order. Although it is not stamped with the impress of genius, it is graceful, refined, and tender in many portions, occasionally brilliant in others; and its workmanship is so masterly,—as regards harmony and orchestration,—that it will always be heard with pleasure when the principal solo instrument is entrusted to such an artist as Mr. Oscar Beringer.

The great instrumental luxury of the concert was Beethoven's No. 7 Symphony, in A, which had not been heard at the Palace since 1873, when the entire series of Beethoven's Symphonies were included in the arrangements of the season. It would be sheer waste of time to expatiate on the beauties of this well-known and magnificent work; which seems to present fresh charms at every hearing, and inspires as much delight now as it evoked on its first production at Vienna, more than sixty years ago. There is something touching in the picture drawn by Mr. George Grove, in his admirable annotation to the programme, of the scene at the production of this glorious work. It was conducted by Beethoven himself; but he had become very deaf, and heard what was going on around him but indistinctly. "The orchestra presented an unusual appearance, many of the desks being tenanted by the most famous musicians and composers of the day. Romberg, Spohr, and Mayseder, played among the rank and file of the strings; Hummel and Meyerbeer had the drums; and Moscheles, then a youth of nineteen, the cymbals. Even Beethoven's old teacher, Salieri, was there."

According to Spohr, the Symphony was received with enthusiasm, the slow movement was encored, and the success of the concert was extraordinary. Four days later it was repeated, with similar success, the *allegretto* of the symphony being again encored. It is needless to say how, to the present moment, the symphony in A retains its power of delighting all lovers of music; but it may be useful to make the passing remark that, although it is in conception and elaboration, a revelation of inspired genius, it in all respects conforms to those laws of symmetry which some modern German theorists ask us to despise. If we are startled, it is by grandeur of thought, and not by brazen crashes; if we are taken from one key to another, we find that each progression has a purpose, and that changes of key are not made for the sake of hiding poverty of thought. After listening to such a splendid effort of creative genius, it is impossible to remember patiently the sufferings we have had to endure in listening to the pretentious and for the most part incomprehensible words of Richard Wagner; who coolly undertakes to alter and improve the compositions of Beethoven! Perhaps the repertory of Wagner may contain something better worth hearing than the dozen or so of pieces which are all that his disciples have as yet submitted for approval here; but, after listening to frequent repetitions of these hackneyed selections, we are compelled to say that the pretensions of Richard Wagner to tamper with the creations of Beethoven are ludicrously absurd; and we have no fear that his sacrilegious interferences will find support in this country, where a loving reverence is felt for the very name of Beethoven.

The "novelty" of the concert, Rubinstein's overture to *Dimitri Donskoi*, was welcome as a specimen of a composer who is chiefly known here as a pianist, but who is by some of his Continental admirers believed to possess considerable merit as a composer of orchestral works. It is rumoured that he is to visit London this season for the express purpose of producing several of these works; and he may count upon a cordial reception and a fair hearing. The overture performed last Saturday may not be a

favourable specimen of his powers, and we may hereafter listen to compositions calculated to awaken more pleasurable feelings. At present we can only say that M. Rubinstein shows considerable acquaintance with orchestral resources, and distributes his instrumentation in a workmanlike manner; but that he seems to lack the faculty of originating musical ideas. It was unfortunate for him that his overture came last in the programme, and followed at a short distance the great Beethoven "Symphony in A;" but, after making due allowance on these heads, we cannot help entertaining some apprehension that Rubinstein, like Liszt, and other famous solo players, has mistaken his vocation in seeking distinction as a composer of orchestral works. At the same time it is only fair to say that his *Dimitri Donskoi* overture is free from those senseless progressions and vulgar cacophonies which smite the ear of the hapless one who listens to the "orchestral poems" of Liszt.

Mr. Edward Lloyd gave a spirited rendering of Weber's song; the only composition in which Weber ever approached vulgarity. In the original score a much better song existed; but Brahms insisted on having a more declamatory scena; and poor Weber wrote to order. In the two Schubert songs Mr. Lloyd was equally successful. Of the manner in which the remainder of the vocal music was executed it is impossible to speak in terms of praise. It would be better to dispense with vocal music, than to entrust it to artists whose acquirements are not such as to warrant their appearance at such high-class concerts as these. Throughout the concert Mr. Manns conducted with equal ability and zeal.

At the 13th concert, to be given this afternoon, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mdle. Levier will be the vocalists, and Herr Wilhelmj, one of the first, if not the first of living violinists, will make his *réentrée* after an absence of nine years, during which he has gained plentiful laurels in almost every part of Europe.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Among the artistic institutions which have taken firm root in the affection of the public, there are few which have a stronger hold than the "Monday Popular Concerts." They are "popular," in the best sense of the word, for they afford delight to almost all classes of the people. We have seen the Heir Apparent, with his peerless bride, sitting in the front row of stalls; and there is a certain note where almost every Monday evening may be seen the sharply cut and intellectual features of the most attentive of listeners, the most enthusiastic of amateurs—the Lord Chief Justice of England. The blue blood of the upper ten thousand is plentifully represented, and art, literature, and commerce swell the ranks of subscribers. Those transitionally placed people, who hover between what, in fashionable jargon, are described as the "lower middle" class, and the "upper middle" class,

"Claim kindred there, and find their claims allowed;"

while, clustering like bees in the shilling gallery, or upon the shilling orchestra seats, may be seen half a thousand shilling visitors, who are hardly entitled to be called respectable, seeing that none of them can keep a horse and gig. They seem little the worse for that melancholy fact, and their beaming, attentive faces are a sight to see—their outbursts of applause are sounds worth listening to. They come to St. James's Hall for the music, and the music alone. If that be good, they are content, although their toilettes may be eclipsed by those adjoining; while, if their favourite tenor is too ill to sing, they are not sufficiently well-bred to dissemble their grief, but (like Rachel) "refuse to be comforted." Amongst them are youthful students of both sexes—embryo Piattis, Arabella Goddards *en herbe*—while there is a plentiful sprinkling of greybeards, whose musical appetites have become fiercer instead of weaker with advancing years, and who, between the parts, compare Joachim, Piatti, and Arabella Goddard, with Spohr, Lindley, and Cramer—not always to the advantage of the ancients.

It would be difficult to determine whether the well-bred and respectful attention which is paid to the music by the denizens of the stall-seats is as earnest and genuine as that of their humbler co-listeners. In some cases people go, because (fortunately) it is "the fashion" to do so, and Lady Belinda may be seen yawning behind her jewelled fan in row 888, while the young Guy Livingstone, in row 999, having vainly tried to dissemble his ennui by pretending to "listen with closed eyes," closes his eyes in good earnest, and is transported in blissful visions to happy hunting grounds in far-off Leicestershire. It is very amusing to see Sir Guy, when he wakes with a start, at the burst of applause which follows the conclusion of the "andante espressivo." For an instant sheepish (being consciously guilty)—next moment defiant (being ready to declare his innocence)—and then (when the next movement begins) ostentatiously wagging his handsome thick head to the music, with his eyes firmly closed—he, like Lady Belinda, is a martyr to the Moloch called "fashion;" both of them have been "frightfully bawled" by the quintet in F sharp minor, Op. 9785, No. 19; yet, when they meet next day at the skating-rink, Lady Belinda will say to Sir Guy, "Delightful concert last night, was it not?" to which that hypocritical baronet will reply, with simulated enthusiasm, "Awfully nice concert!" These, however, are exceptions, and, as a rule, the aristocratic subscribers pay to the music an earnest attention, which betokens genuine enjoyment.

This enjoyment is greatly enhanced by the perusal of the analytical programmes with which they are provided, and by whose aid they have learned to substitute intellectual appreciation for merely sensuous gratification. These remarkable handbooks are not merely useful to amateurs, who are glad to entrust the cultivation of their artistic tastes to competent guidance; they are also treasures of musical instruction for the many professional students who go to these concerts as to a school of art; and, as illustrations of the highest kind of analytical criticism—replete with erudition, perspicuous in expression, sympathetic in appreciation, and conveyed in polished and elegant diction—they form a library which is entirely unrivalled in the literature of music. A Monday Popular Concert without one of these analytical programmes, would lose half its charm; and there can be little doubt that they have powerfully contributed to the success which these delightful entertainments have achieved.

The announcement of the 500th concert of the series could not fail to be regarded with interest by all lovers of true art. In domestic life the 25th wedding anniversary is hailed as the "silver wedding," the 50th as the "golden wedding," the 75th as the "diamond wedding;" and thus, in artistic life, the 500th Monday Popular Concert is an event which calls for special celebration. Very wisely, as it seems to us, the celebration has taken the form of a selection from the programme of the first concert of the series; and in presenting the six works of Mendelssohn, which had been performed at that concert, the directors not only provided a musical treat, but also vindicated the course which they consistently followed for sixteen years, heedless of the croakers and the sceptics who declared that classical chamber music would never become a popular form of entertainment.

At the inaugural concert, given February 14, 1859, the executants were M. Benedict, M. Wieniawski, Mr. Ries, Mr. Doyle, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti. Of these only three took part in the concert of Monday last, as will be seen on perusal of the programme—which we give *in extenso*, as a record of an interesting event in musical history. On such an occasion criticism would

be out of place; and merely noting that all the excellent artists who took part in the performance did justice to the music and to themselves, and that Mr. Arthur Chappell received hearty and well-deserved congratulations, we content ourselves with wishing his undertaking continued success, and with hoping that our posterity may have the pleasure of attending the 5000th of an unbroken series of Monday Popular Concerts.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE 500TH CONCERT

(FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTEENTH SEASON)

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18TH, 1875,

The Programme composed of works by

MENDELSSOHN,

The whole of which had been performed at the First Monday Popular Concert, on February 14th, 1859.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello.....Mendelssohn.

Madame NORMAN-NÉRUDE,

MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI.

TWO-PART SONG, "The Sabbath Morn".....Mendelssohn.

Mdlle. GAETANO, and Miss ALICE FAIRMAN.

SONATA, in F minor, Op. 4, for Pianoforte and Violin.....Mendelssohn.

Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and

Madame NORMAN-NÉRUDE.

PART II.

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI, in D, Op. 17, for Pianoforte and Violoncello.....Mendelssohn.

Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Signor PIATTI.

TWO-PART SONG, "I would that my love".....Mendelssohn.

Mdlle. GAETANO and Miss ALICE FAIRMAN.

QUARTET, in D major, Op. 44, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.....Mendelssohn.

Madame NORMAN-NÉRUDE,

MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI.

Conductor - Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

WE continue this week our illustrations of the new Paris Opera House, the grand staircase and loggia of which were limned in our last impression. The *Foyer de la Danse*, depicted in the present number, is one of the most gorgeous appendages of M. Charles Garnier's new temple of music. On each side of the richly decorated apartment—in the centre of which is suspended a bronze chandelier, provided with 104 lights—rise six spiral columns with fantastic capitals and sculptured bases. The ceiling, decorated with paintings by M. Boulanger, representing a summer sky with winged children flying after birds and butterflies, is perhaps somewhat heavy, owing to the central ornamentation formed of *caissons*, adorned with garlands of flowers and arabesques. Right round the apartment runs an elaborate *voussure*, formed of sculptured lyres and figures of children, supporting twenty oval medallions, representing the most celebrated of the Opera's choreographical artists. First of all comes Mdle. de la Fontaine, the first French operatic *danseuse*, whose career extended from 1831 to 1892; and among the others one notices Mdle. Camargo, and Mdme. Vestris, Mdle. Taglioni, and Fanny Essler. It is a veritable, historical gallery, but unfortunately more than one *dame de ballet*, who deserved her place in it, is omitted. For instance, there is no portrait of Emma Livry. Underneath these medallions, M. Boulanger has painted four panels, representing, *La Danse guerrière*, *La Danse champêtre*, *La Danse amoureuse*, and *La Danse bachique*. Above which are the names of those who have composed the most successful of the ballets represented at the Opera: Noverre (1727-1810), Gardel (1754-1840), Mazilier (1797-1868), and St. Leon (1821-1870).

This is the *foyer de la Danse* that the ladies of the ballet exercise themselves in before appearing on the stage, velvet covered bars being provided for their accommodation. The entry to the *Foyer de la Danse* belongs by right to the *abonnés* and the representatives of the press, and the director moreover invariably throws open its doors to influential personages.

On arriving at the Opera, by the pavilion known as the *Entrée des voitures*, one first of all, enters a warm, handsomely carpeted gallery, passing through which one reaches a vast circular vestibule immediately beneath the house. Its vault is supported by sixteen columns in Jura stone, ornamented with capitals of white Italian marble, and forming a portico provided with velvet-cushioned seats. It is here that one waits for one's carriage after the performance is over. The decoration is completed by a series of handsome bronze chandeliers, and a number of magnificent Sevres vases, executed after the designs of M. Garnier. To the left are three galleries, leading to the grand staircase; and, on taking the central one, one reaches the *pallier*, where the pretty fountain—the "Bassin de la Pithie"—represented in another of our engravings—is situated. The bronze statuette of the pythoness is by "Marcello"—the beautiful and talented Duchesse de Castiglione.

Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

BALLAD CONCERTS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—In your last number you state that the Ballad Concerts were not originated by me, but by the popular Ballad, Mr. Ransford. This is a mistake.

The first Ballad Concert given in any country was the one announced in Madame Sainton-Dolby's name in January, 1866. This concert was suggested and organised by me. It was a great success, and I registered the title at Stationers' Hall. But I was unable to protect the idea, which was immediately appropriated by everybody. Among others who made use of it was Mr. Ransford. He at once gave three concerts of English vocal music, copying my plan, but not my title. This was his first attempt at anything of the kind, for in previous years he had only taken an annual benefit, either at a theatre or in a concert-room, which was remarkable for nothing else but the gipsy and sea-songs sung by the gay and genial *beneficiaries*.

Mr. Ransford is, therefore, in no wise the originator of the Ballad Concerts, which I first commenced in Madame Sainton-Dolby's name, and afterwards developed in my own.

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN BOOSEY.

London, 295, Regent Street, W.,
January 18, 1875.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Wednesday, Jan. 20.

THE French racing season re-opens to-day with the popular Nice gathering, which will be resumed on Sunday, and concluded on Wednesday next. The prizes which will be contested to-day are the Prix des Haras (hedge race, £120); the Prix du Conseil Général (selling steeple-chase, £100); and the Grand Prix de Monaco (steeple-chase handicap, £400); while of those to be disputed on Sunday, the most important is the Prix de Monte-Carlo (hedge race, £200). Among the engagements for the Grand Prix de Monaco I note three of Baron Finot's horses—Marin, La Veine, and that old veteran, Nestor II; while M. L. Baresse sends Marius; Baron de Rochetaillé, Glos; Mr. Walker, Houghton; Mr. J. R. Riddell, Bonny Girl; Mr. R. Hennessy, Marche-Mal; and Henry Jennings, Mayou. Nestor, Marin, and La Veine, figure also among the entrées for the Monte-Carlo prize, and, in addition, Baron Finot sends Coureuse de Nuit; Mr. R. Hennessy being represented by Andare; Maurice W., by Borely; and Mr. Walker, by Industrious. There are in addition a large number of English horses engaged for this and the other races, and among them I may mention, Parliamentary, Master Herbert, Lady Salisbury, the Laird of Holywell, &c. On the whole the gathering promises to be a very brilliant and interesting one.

Milder weather having set in, hunting operations have been resumed. Last Thursday the Prince de Joinville's *vautrait* (boar-hounds) had an animated run at Chantilly, meeting at the Poteau de la Belle Croix, where a young boar was started. He made for the Blum Sablons, mounted the Malgénéts, and was eventually brought to bay and captured at the Montpagnottes. On Saturday the Duc d'Aumale's stag-hounds were out in the forest, and on Monday the Prince de Joinville's *vautrait* met at Fleurines, near Halatte, where the boars are remarkably numerous this year. The Vicomte de Predern's stag-hounds arrive to-day at Halette, where a series of meets will shortly be held.

It is announced that *la chasse* will close this year in the Seine, the Seine-et-Oise and neighbouring departments, on the evening of the 9th of February. In the northern zone, however, the shooting season will come to a close on January 31st.

I dedicate the following epistle to British *veloce* men:—"To the editor of the *Progrès de Nancy*. Sir,—The Hungarian officer, Lieut. Zubovitz, rode from Vienna to Paris—a distance of 1,400 kilometres—in the space of fifteen days, giving an average of 93 kilometres per day. Now I am ready to ride the same distance, at the rate of 100 kilometres per day, on my velocipede, the Lucifer, and am willing to back myself against all the Caradocs in the world. The stakes for this struggle would be 50,000 francs (£2,000).—Your obedient servant, Rouberdon, *brigadier des forêts* at Briey (Meurthe-et-Moselle)." I should be glad to learn whether any of our English *veloce* men are prepared to do as much, and whether any of our country gentlemen or military men, possessors of "fabulous" mares are willing to enter into competition with M. Rouberdon.

There was a sad accident the other day at Noisy near Dinant in Belgium, when the Chevalier Adelin de Liedekerke—son of the Count de Liedekerke, deputy, and a minister under the reign of Leopold I.—was killed in the course of a wild boar *battue*. The deceased was only twenty-four years of age.

The performances that have recently taken place at the Grand Opera have been far more satisfactory than that of the opening ceremony, which, owing to the deficient choruses and inadequate orchestra, was certainly below par. The sum realised by M. Halanzier on the occasion of the gala performance was £1,450, while the second *représentation* produced £680. The exterior illumination of the edifice has been considerably improved by placing numerous lamps on the balustrades of the loggia; the effect may, however, be made still better by placing a *cordon* of gas round both the frieze and the cupola surmounting the *salle*. It is said that M. Charles Garnier intends to illuminate the gilded groups of statuary which rise above the building by means of an electric apparatus. *Apropos* of the scenery which has been prepared for the new house, it may be mentioned that that of *La Juive*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Les Huguenots*, is already completed, that of *Faust* now receiving its finishing touches. The *décor* of *L'Africain* and the *Prophète* will be shortly commenced. Speaking of the Opera, it may be mentioned that M. de Cumont has presented Mlle. Krauss with two superb vases in Sèvres porcelain, and Mlle. Sangalli with an elegant *service-à-café*, in acknowledgment of the services they rendered on the occasion of the inauguration of M. Garnier's new temple of music. The indisposition of Mlle. Nilsson—who has left for Cannes—still continues, and it is doubtful when she will make her *débuts*. Meanwhile I learn from Marseilles that she has contracted an engagement with M. Husson to give three performances at the Grand Théâtre of that city, her salary being fixed at £80 per night. On the 13th February the intelligent Marseilles *impresario* will revive Dufret's opera of *Pétraque*, which already met with a great success last year.

We have not had many *premières* of late, but are promised several for the coming week. Among the most notable of these latter I may mention *La Favorite* at the Opéra, Mlle. Duparc at the Gymnase, *Les 30 millions de Gladiateur* at the Variétés, *Rose Michel* at the Ambigu, *Les Filles de Marbre* at the Théâtre Lyrique Dramatique, and *La Perle des Blanchisseuses* at the Folies Dramatiques. This latter, the music of which is by M. Vasseur, will, it is predicted, prove a great success. *Les 30 millions de Gladiateur*, the novelty announced by the Variétés, and which is by MM. Labiche and Gille, is a *comédie vaudeville*, unenlivened by the least music. So much for the coming *premières*: now for those which have recently taken place. They are four in number—*Der Freyschütz* (French libretto), and *Un caprice de Ninon* at the Théâtre-Ventadour-Lyrique-Français (what a mouthful!); *Une famille en 1870-71* at the Ambigu, and *La Famille* at the Théâtre Lyrique Dramatique. The leading parts in the *Freyschütz* are distributed as follows: 'Agathe,' Mlle. Reboux; 'Annette,' Mdm. Sablavioles; 'Max,' M. Jourdan; 'Gaspar,' M. Girandel; 'Ottokar,' M. Contini, and 'Kelian,' M. Lepers. As will be seen, by these names, the cast is by no means a bad one, and the performances are decidedly above par. *Un caprice de Ninon* is a new *opéra-comique*, in which the part of 'Ninon de l'Enclos,' is played by Mlle. Godefroy, and that of 'Prunelle,' by Mlle. Thor; the 'Chevalier de Navailles,' being M. Contini, and the 'President de Chevry,' M. Soto. It has achieved a mere *succès d'estime*. M. Bagier also announces at the Salle Ventadour the *début* of Mlle. Lafon in *Norma*.

As regards M. J. Cournier's drama, *Une famille en 1870-71*, it professes to be a picture of family life in France during the troubled times of the Franco-Prussian war. The cast is by no means a bad one, but the piece is very weak, and only attracts spectators from the fact that it reminds the Parisian *bourgeois* of the days when they spent their time mounting guard on the ramparts, defending the "vaunted capital of civilization" against the "Vandals of Germany." The *première* at the Théâtre Lyrique Dramatique, *Une Famille*, a five act drama by M. Edouard Cadol, has proved even a less interesting piece than M. Cournier's unfortunate attempt.

The only theatre visited by the Lord Mayor, in addition to the

New Opera, during his sojourn in Paris, was the Porte-St.-Martin, where he witnessed the performance of *Le Tour du Monde en quatre vingt jours*. He was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, his son, and the two sheriffs. MM. Ritt and Laroche received their distinguished visitors on their arrival, presenting the Lady Mayoress with a magnificent bouquet of roses and white lilac. A large portion of the audience rose as our civic dignitaries entered the state box that had been reserved for them, and the orchestra played "God save the Queen" amidst almost frantic applause. During one of the *entr'actes*, Mr. Sheriff Ellis and Mr. Stone, junr. went behind the scenes, where Mlle. Maraquita—the charming *première danseuse*—is said to have greatly diverted them by dancing an Irish jig.

In a few days the little Athénée theatre—which of late has proved such a bad speculation—will re-open with a comic operetta, in three acts, by MM. Hubans, Paul Avenal, and Mahalin; and entitled *Fleur de Candeur*. The leading parts are to be sustained by MM. Tayan and Noël Martin, and Mmes. Gerard, Sichel and Géraldine.

Next winter, the Bouffes Parisiens will perform a new comic opera, by Offenbach and Millaud, whose joint production, *Madame l'Archiduc*, has proved such a great success this season. The title of this coming novelty will be *La Créole*. In a few days the *Princesse de Trebizonde* will be revived at the Bouffes, with Mmes. Peschard and Théo in two of the leading rôles. These charming and talented artists will, consequently, leave the Gaite, where they have been most successfully interpreting the parts of 'Eurydice' and 'Venus' in *Orphée aux Enfers*, which latter will, as mentioned above, soon be replaced on the bills by *Jeanne d'Arc*, with Lia Félix in the rôle of the heroine.

I very much regret to have to report this week the death of poor Grenier of the Variétés, who, after remaining for several weeks between life and death, eventually expired last Friday morning. He was only 42 years of age. Originally a compositor in a printing office, he felt himself irresistibly drawn towards the stage, and was at length sufficiently lucky to obtain admission at the Conservatoire. He originally débüté at the Odéon, but his talent was essentially comic, and his success dates from his engagement at the Variétés. How often he has made his audience roar with laughter it is difficult to say—as 'Calchas' in the *Belle Héléne* as 'Boirot' in *L'Homme n'est pas parfait*, as the 'Prince Paul' in the *Grande Duchesse*, as the 'Vice-roi' in the *Périorche*, as the 'Swiss Admiral' in *La Vie Parisienne*, he achieved great and well-merited success. We must not forget, too, that he was the original interpreter of the part of 'Rabagas' in Sardou's famous piece. All the celebrities of the French theatrical world were present at his funeral on Saturday.

Plet, the clever actor of the Gymnase, who has also been within an inch of death's door, is now quite out of danger, and will shortly be able to reappear before the public. This is the moment to revive Labiche's amusing comedy in which Plet, playing the part of the 'guardian of the Louvre,' endeavours to enter into conversation with the different visitors to the Musée des Antiques by putting to them all the following query, the constant repetition of which invariably provoked loud laughter: "Have we got a ministry?" Such a question would be singularly *apropos* just now.

Last year appears to have been an exceptionally good one for the Comédie Française, each of the *sociétaires* of which have received £800 as their share of the profits. This satisfactory result is largely due to M. Emile Perrin's intelligent management. Pierre Berton will leave the Comédie in April, having signed an engagement with the Vaudeville, which will produce, at that epoch a new work by M. Emile Augier. The Vaudeville company is now busy rehearsing M. Th. Barrières *Manon Lescaut*, which will, in all probability, be given before the end of the month.

Saturday was the 253rd anniversary of the birth of Molière, and was consequently duly celebrated at the Comédie Française and the Odéon by performances of *le Malade Imaginaire* and *L'Ecole des Maris*. The customary "*apropos*" at the Français was this year a monologue entitled *Le Voyage de Scapin*, by M. Albert Delpit. M. d'Hervilly contributing to the Odéon an amusing trifl entitled *Le Docteur sans pareil*. Both these novelties were very favourably received.

The Opéra Comique has revived *Le Caid*, one of the best of Ambroise Thomas's comic operas.

It is announced that M. Ballande is about to give, at his *matinées littéraires*, a French version of Count A. Tolstoi's drama, *Ivan le Terrible*.

I hear that Verdi's *Hernani* has been recently performed at the Berlin Opera, minus the third act, the *dénouement* of which appears to have offended the censors. The cast was a very mediocre one, and the piece proved a complete failure. E. A. V.

Coursing.

AFTER the long reign of King Frost the lovers of coursing have returned to their favourite sport with renewed zest, and naturally mustered in large numbers at the Altcar Club Meeting last week. The effects of the hard weather were, however, clearly manifest in the lack of condition which many of the dogs exhibited, and little reliance can be placed on most of the running. But for this, it would seem madness to accept 20 to 1 about the Earl of Haddington's nomination for the Waterloo Cup, as his lordship had some half dozen representatives at the meeting, and actually did not win a single course in any of the stakes. Still Sandy Grant their clever trainer, must have been almost prepared for such a result, as none of his charges looked as if they had done a good gallop for weeks past. With one exception, however, we doubt if the dogs which ran at this meeting will take any prominent part in the great event. That exception is Mr. Pilkington's Palmer, a fine slashing puppy who ran through the Members' Cup in brilliant style, in spite of having been "down" with distemper very recently. He has plenty of speed, is very clever when in possession, and made two or three remarkably smart kills. Mr. Pilkington is a new recruit to the coursing ranks, and if, as is confidently asserted, he has in reserve a better representative than Palmer, he must possess a wonderful chance of attaining the best prize of the year in his first season. He backed his nomination so heavily during the Altcar Meeting, that it soon advanced from 1000 to 30 to 20 to 1; and there was a still greater run on Mr. Hyslop's nomination, which, at the time of writing, has been fairly landed at 12 to 1. We understand that the latter gentleman will be represented by Fugitive, who, though a very late puppy, was one of the last four in the Waterloo cup of 1874, and is said to exhibit a marked improvement since then. It is scarcely necessary to go into particulars of the running for the Members' Cup, as Palmer had matters pretty much his own way in all his courses. In the second ties Lucetta obtained an advantage from the slips; but he raced past her for first turn, and never gave her the smallest chance afterwards. He had more difficulty with Lizard; but, working very smartly at the finish of a long course, won pretty cleverly. In the final spin he went clean away from Vale Royal, and never allowed him the smallest chance. It is very possible that Mr. Pilkington would have secured another stake during the meeting, for his Pancake and Palestine were looking very formidable in the Molyneux and Sifton Stake respectively, when they both unfortunately fell lame, the latter dog breaking a toe

in running a bye with his kennel companion, Pegtop. The uncertain Hamilton won the Molyneux Stakes with great ease, though he showed poor form in the first round of the Members' Cup, in which Satire beat him easily. Hares were plentiful, and many of them run like perfect demons, so there is every prospect of a most successful Waterloo gathering. With one or two remarkable exceptions, Mr. Hedley's decisions were universally endorsed, and Wilkinson never slipped better. We append the results of the five events:—

THE MEMBERS' CUP.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. Pilkington's f d Palmer, by Countryman—Chivalry, beat Mr. R. C. Vyner's bk w d Vale Royal, by What Cheer—Fly, and won.

THE CROXTETH STAKES, FOR MAIDENS.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. T. Brocklebank's w b Battery, by Bendimere—Brigade, beat Mr. Stone's w f d Stamp Duty, by Cavalier—Morning Sun, and won.

THE SEFTON STAKES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. Henderson's f b Harmony, by Crossfield—Happy Lass, beat Mr. T. D. Hornby's w f b Honoria, by Bendimere—Miss Price, and won.

THE MOLYNEUX STAKES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. T. D. Hornby's bd w d Hamilton, by Glenavon—Confidence, beat Mr. Borron's f d Bonnie Dundee (late Devastation), by Dunkeld—Drap o' Dew, and won.

THE VETERAN STAKES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's bl b Vierge, by Ventre St. Gris—Shadow, beat Mr. Borron's bk d Black Knight, by Little Wonder—Gentianella, and won.

THE South of England Club (Ashdown) Meeting, which took place on Tuesday and Wednesday last, was remarkable for the wonderful success of Mr. Morgan's kennel. In the Puppy Stakes his Malimba and Madelina divided with Mr. Gardener's Grebe; his Musidora took a third of the All Aged Stakes; and the South of England Stakes was divided between his Miamba, by Priest—Sister to Penaly, and Colonel Goodlake's Gipsy Esmeralda, an own sister to Peasant Boy, by Racing Hopfacer—Placid. After this form, Mr. Morgan is sure to find plenty of supporters for the "blue ribbon," which he won last year with Magnano.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND CLUB.—A meeting of the members of this club was held on Monday night, at the house of Mr. James Marley, the Eagle Stores, Claypath, Durham, to make arrangements for the forthcoming meeting of the club to be held over the Brancepeth estate on January 27. Mr. Huntley was chosen to officiate as judge, while Charles Brown, of Malton, was selected to act as slipper, Tom Bootiman having another engagement. The draw was fixed to take place at the house of Mr. J. Baxter, the Waterloo Hotel, Durham, at six o'clock on the night of Monday, the 25th inst., to be followed by the club dinner.

HALVERGATE (NORFOLK) OPEN MEETING.—Monday and Tuesday, January 11 and 12.—The South Norfolk Stakes was won by Mr. Holmes's Huddleston, by Q.C. out of Weenix, Captain Dods running up with Di Vernon, by Cavalier out of Deborah; whilst the Halvergate Stakes was divided between Mr. J. S. Postle's Gallant Foe, by Don Antonio out of Meggie Smith, and Mr. G. Trundle's Baron, by Glendower out of Bridesmaid. Mr. F. Gardner was judge, and A. Nailard slipper.

EAST STIRLINGSHIRE CLUB MEETING, Tuesday, January 12.—Held over the Earl of Dunmore's property. The Dunmore Cup and Stakes attracted twenty-four dogs, and it was eventually divided between Mr. Morton's nomination, Moscow, by Ronald out of Martha Lynne, and Mr. Erskine's Blue Bob, by Yellow Oak out of Flying Childers. Mr. H. Springall was judge, and T. Robertson slipper.

WESTWICK PRIVATE MEETING, Thursday, January 14.—The Streatham Cup was won by Mr. R. Hestelme's Weardale, by Hotspur out of Dutch, beating Mr. King's Field Marshal, by Young Rosebery or Trumpeter out of Fancy; whilst the Westwick Stakes was secured by Mr. G. Young's Secret Treasure, by Lashington out of Rollicking Sal, Mr. J. Rutherford's Roving Roger, by Bird of Freedom out of Rose of Raby, being the runner-up. Mr. J. Errington was judge, and Mr. J. Roe slipper.

HALSTON MEETING.—We are requested to state that the Barister that won the Halston Cup at this meeting on January 7 is a red dog by Mr. Riddell's Councillor out of Mr. Smith's Shot, and that he was then the property of Mr. J. K. Smith, of Harborne Park, Birmingham.

SCUNTHORPE OPEN MEETING.—The piece of plate given to be run for by the winners of the Conesby and Old Park Stakes was run for on Friday last, Mr. Hailstone's nomination, Forget-me-not, by Rector out of Ready, Aye Ready, beating Mr. Holden's Harkaway, by Roger Tichborne out of Fly.

LADY THRIFTESS, by Cashier out of Wanton, who was bought, not long ago, by Mr. F. R. Hemming for 70 guineas at a recent sale of Lord Lurgan's greyhounds, died last week.

BELLA.—Mr. Robinson has sustained a severe loss in the sudden death, on Tuesday, of this daughter of Smoke and Star. She was placed in the slips to run her course with Black Boy, in the Grosvenor Stakes at the Aldford and Eccleston Meeting, and almost immediately was observed to shiver and drop down dead. Mr. Robinson had recently been offered 100 guineas for her.

THE COURSING CALENDAR.—The thirty-fourth volume of this calendar has just been received, containing the records of public coursing up to and including the Newmarket Champion Meeting in November last. It will be especially interesting at the present time to all coursers, as several of the probable prominent Waterloo Cup contestants have their doings chronicled in it. The book is, as usual, published at *The Field Office*, 346, Strand, London.

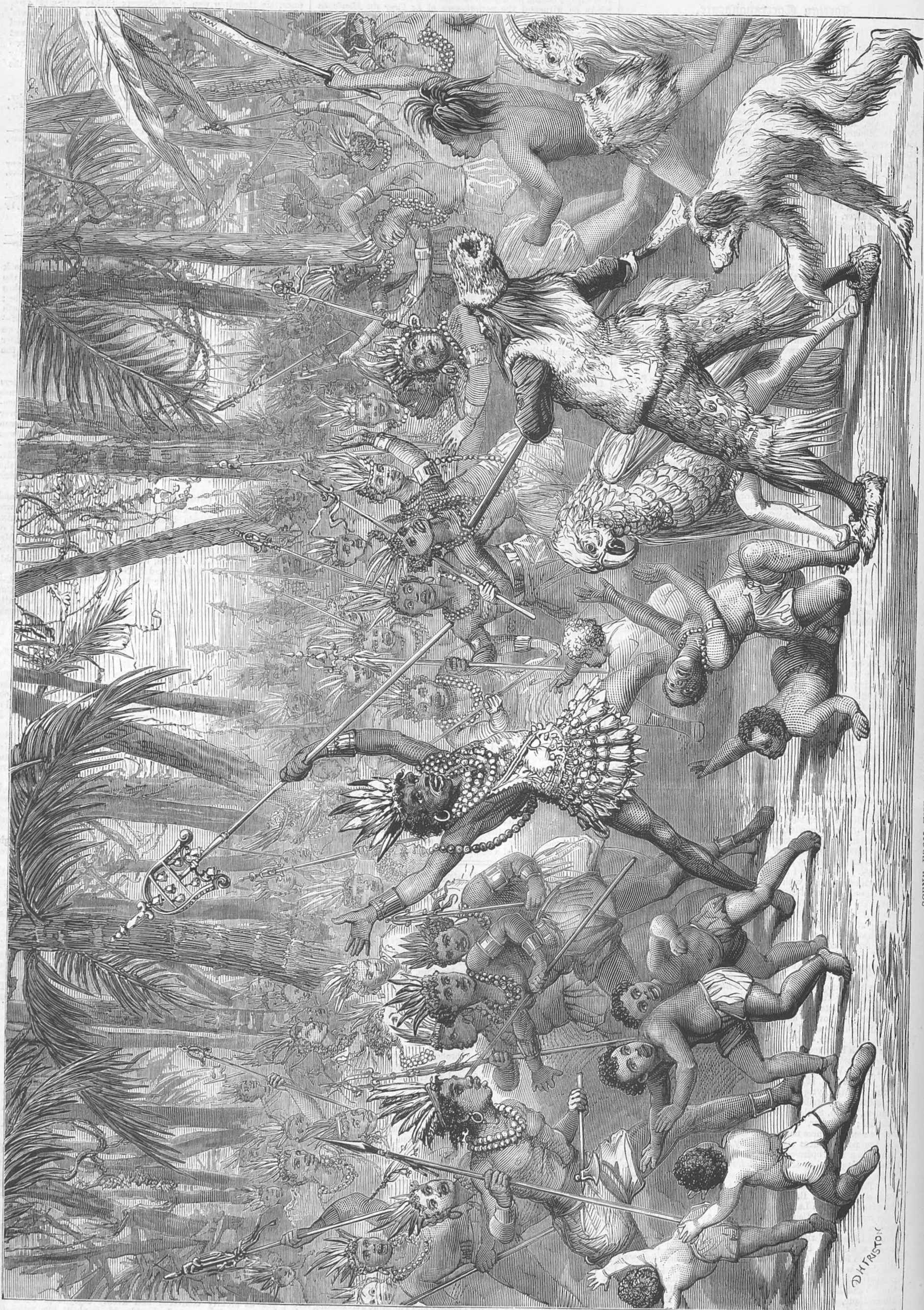
SALE OF BLOOD STOCK BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, JANUARY 18.

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN. Gs.
THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, b h, 5 yrs, by Knowsley out of Isilia
KING COLE, b h, 6 yrs, by King Tom out of Qui Vive. Mr. Cambridge 200
MUSTAPHA, b h, 6 yrs, by Bon Vivant out of Diana. Mr. K. Bruce 66
DUSOIS, b h, 6 yrs, by Adventurer out of Petra. Mr. A. Yates 27
B c, 4 yrs, by Knowsley out of Teterrima. Mr. Nicholson 22

AN ANCIENT GRAND STAND IN DORSET.

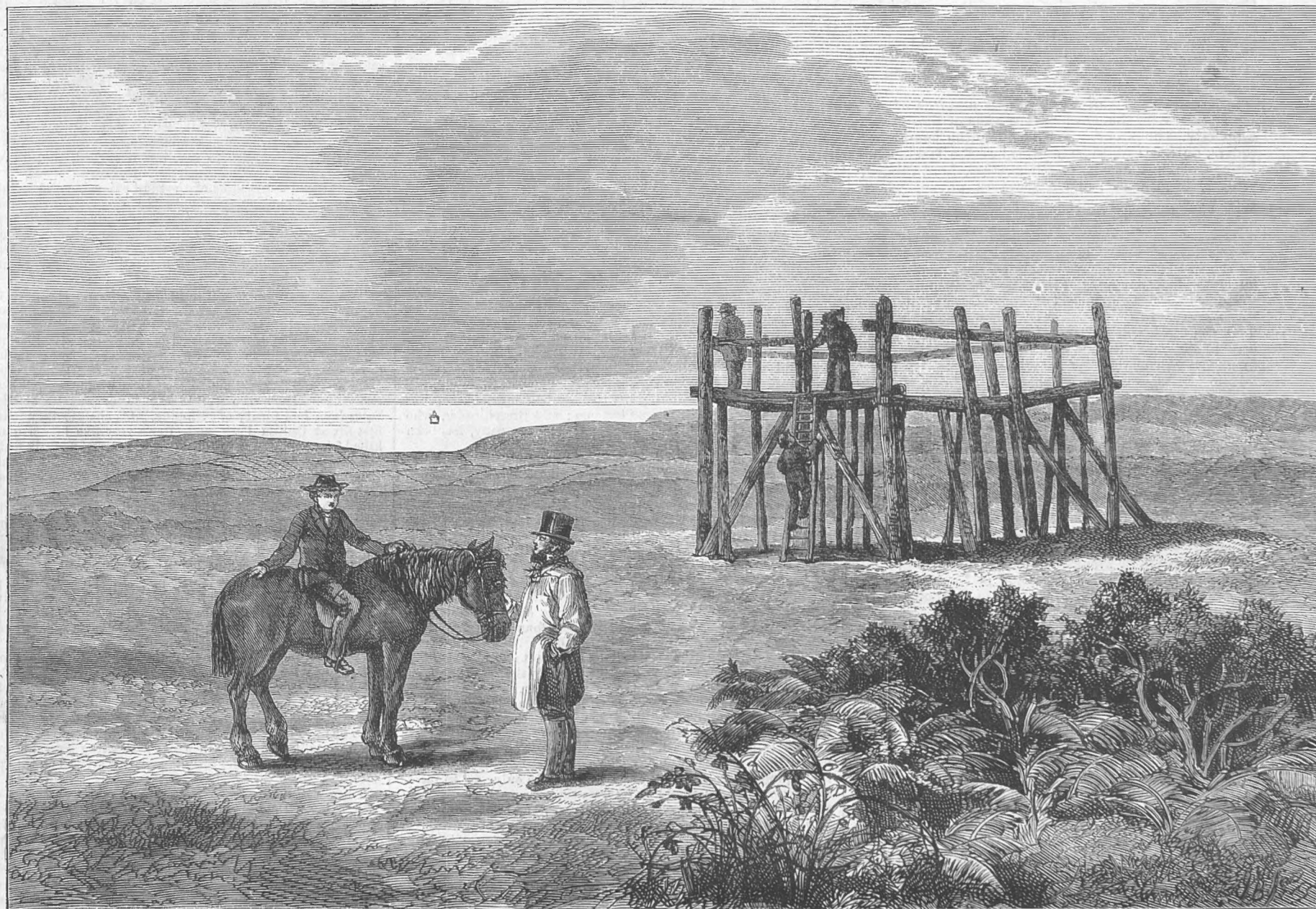
IN a ramble through the S.W. of Dorset (writes our artist) this summer, I came across a race-course which is, according to my experience, unique. It was situated on the summit of a hill called Lambert's Castle bearing traces of early encampments, from which there was visible a most extensive and beautiful prospect of hill and dale, wood and pasture, and terminated to the south by the broad expanse of that great bay enclosed by Portland to the E. and Start Point to the W. But the "Grand Stand" of which I enclose a sketch, struck me most being a most primitive scaffold reached by a ladder and not of the firmest character. From here the *élite* of the neighbouring sportsmen—on the third Wednesday in June—witness exciting contests,—pony races, hurdle races, &c., which if not attaining the style of Epsom or Newmarket, are yet as stoutly contested and keenly enjoyed as those great meetings. The spot, I should add, is about five miles E. of Axminster.



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE" AT THE STANDARD THEATRE.



SCENE FROM "SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM," AT THE GRECIAN THEATRE.



AN ANCIENT GRAND-STAND ON LAMBOURNE RACE-COURSE.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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OFFICE—198, STRAND, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

THE old adage, that "good wine needs no bush," cannot be better exemplified than by the variously worded advertisements of blood sires, so prominent at this season of the year in the front page of Messrs. Weatherby's weekly issue of the "Calendar," and which crowd the columns of sporting journals of the day. In the old times, when "Special Commissioners" and roving correspondents were unknown, and when the public had not been so highly educated in the mysteries of the "Stud Book" (then a sealed volume to the many), it was deemed necessary to set forth more at length the pedigrees, performances, and descriptions of the various stallions at the public service; and the "Druid" has recorded in his pleasant pages some few of these lures to owners of thoroughbred mares, couched in the floweriest language, and setting forth each minute detail in connection with their pets, in descriptions worthy of the versatile and fervid imagination of the late George Robins. Pedigrees are traced back well-nigh to the race horse of Job, and musty files of bygone *Calendars* are ransacked in order to recount the various performances of an animal which his proprietor would force upon the notice of breeders. Now we have changed all that; and for one man who might be called learned in the archaeology of Turf families, there are now twenty duly qualified to pass an examination in the Herald College in Burlington Street, and innumerable dabbles in breeding lore, who, having mastered its first easy rudiments, deem themselves duly qualified to lay down the law as authorities in mating and matching various bloods. Greater general interest in racing matters and Turf history, has caused a proportionate increase of knowledge in the "origin of species" of the equine race; and though this little knowledge, somewhat superficially acquired, may be a dangerous thing for those who consider a horse's winning chance on breeding grounds; yet it sufficiently marks the tendency of the age to make itself acquainted with something more than mere names, and to dive deeper into the secrets of failure or success.

Public advertisements of the localities and fees of our leading sires are for the most part models of perspicuity and simplicity. The public, more especially the community of breeders, do not care to be informed of the fashionable connections of such horses as Blair Athol, Lord Clifden, Adventurer, Thormanby, and a score of others, whose pedigrees we all have at our fingers' ends. Such names have become household words among us, and Turf statistics have of late years been so elaborately and copiously compiled, that the merest tyro can take in at a glance the various public credentials of the different sires at the close of each season. Railways have annihilated all formerly existing difficulties of transport, and a horse is not the less known and patronised should he happen to stand in the bleak wilds of the North, than if he was the cynosure of all eyes in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. North and South are linked together by iron ties; and there is no fear whatever of "lights of the Harem" being hidden under a bushel, nor of merit being stowed away in some remote corner unnoticed and unknown. On the other hand, over puffing is a pretty sure sign of struggling obscurity, and we may take it for granted that horses of gigantic girth, hitherto undiscovered size and breeding, and which would have distinguished themselves on the Turf but for some series of misfortunes, are something akin to the letters of advertising touts asking for one more remittance of thirteen stamps. Cheap they may be at "first cost," but lamentably dear to those few who are content to chance it, or who are of opinion that the production of a Derby winner or a Cup horse is likely to be the result of marriages in low life. Undoubtedly there have been, and will continue to be, exaltations of some "chosen out of the people," but we cannot recollect any instance of success in a sire, which his proprietors have endeavoured to force, like Holloway's pills, down the throats of the public.

We have been led into a consideration of the stallion advertisement subject, by our attention having been directed to a closely printed column in the *Irish Sportsman*, setting forth the excellencies and recommendations of a horse yelet Master George, in a strain worthy of the prospectus of some new company for breeding diamonds in ant-hills. Compared with such terse announcements as are to be found in the *Calendar* touching the most famous sires of our day, this ludicrous exaltation of a very respectable Irish plater quite puts to shame the modesty of English breeders; while the finishing touch, showing how all these advantages are to be secured for the sum of seven guineas, forces us to exclaim involuntarily, "In the name of the prophet—Figs." Not that this is by any means a solitary instance of the way they advertise their Great Unknowns

in Ireland, but the long list of blazoned victories and recorded deeds of might does not reach to quite such inordinate length in the cases of Selon, Uncas, Outlaw, and other companions-in-arms of the redoubtable Master George. We are bound to argue from appearances, either that advertising is cheap in the sister isle, or that Paddy is wofully ignorant of the very subject in which we have always considered him singularly proficient. Such flaming puffs in Messrs. Weatherby's weekly sheet would soon eat holes in a seven guinea subscription; and we imagine that a horse's public form and breeding are pretty well known to those who contemplate using him. Perhaps the reason lies in neither of the above suppositions; and if we dismiss them both, we are left with positively our last resource—namely, that the very obscurity of the animals requires such lengthy notice and minute dissection as we have seen resorted to in the above-mentioned columns. We make every allowance for the inevitable admixture of blarney so natural to our impulsive friends across St. George's Channel; but discounting that, we are still left with a "power of words" to bolster up the "rale article."

If the truth must be told, the breeding of thoroughbred stock for racing purposes is at a painfully low ebb in the Emerald Isle; and if Harkaway and The Baron could take a ghostly breather among their successors (we will not say descendants) on the Curragh, they might return to the happy hunting grounds with the theories of "Senex" and others as to the deterioration of their kind most ominously confirmed. While the Irish yield to none in rearing and educating cross-country talent (as the proud Saxon has learnt in many a well-fought field), there can be no manner of doubt that her ancient supremacy on the flat has been lost, or rather (we hope) is merely in abeyance. We forbear going any deeper, at present, into a subject which it would require pages instead of a column to treat of exhaustively, but it must long since have been evident that racing in Ireland has descended rapidly from bad to worse, and that unless some steps are taken (and that quickly) in the direction of reformation, the Curragh and its meetings will come to nothing more than a *nomineis umbra*. We have only to analyse the composition of the remarkable advertisements, to which we have called attention, to discover many points to strengthen our argument, that the credit of Irish racing is seriously at stake, and that it behoves the bearers of time-honoured names, on Irish Turf, to be up and doing, if they would remove the reproach from a pastime in which they once acknowledged no equals. If they are anxious, as presumably they must be, to raise the character of sport, and redeem the unfruitfulness of many seasons past, let them put on one side all ideas of "National Studs;" but let private enterprise come to the front, and rescue from foreign exportation some of those English Monarchs of the Stud, which, if it is their fate to cross the "streak of silver sea," we would fain see spirited across St. George's instead of the English Channel.

Sporting Intelligence.

I LAST week unwittingly made a mistake which I hasten to correct. In running through the performances of the horses that had been backed for the Derby, I stated that Ironstone had never yet carried silk; I find, however, that he is the black colt by The Miner, out of Rosamond, but not having been christened until the calendar of races past had been published, I was led into the error. He has run four times: in his first attempt he was second to his stable companion, Holy Friar, who beat him easily by a length for the Seaton Delaval Stakes, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; his next essay was more successful, for, at Redcar, he won the Kirkleatham Stakes, beating five moderate opponents; he next ran unplaced to Holy Friar for the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton; and wound up his two-year-old career at Newcastle autumn meeting, where he again unfortunately did not receive any notice from the judge in a big field that ran for the Nursery Stakes. He is, however, notwithstanding the fact that his *confère*, Holy Friar, has the honour of being now first favourite for the Derby, supported for that race with considerable spirit by some one who appears to fancy him much; for he was backed to win £10,000 at 40 to 1 in the beginning of the week, when 7 to 1 was the most liberal offer that could be obtained about Holy Friar, and the deposed favourite, Galopin, revived a little in public estimation, 800 to 100 being booked about him. Roland Graeme appears still to find favour; but of Lord Falmouth's team, Garterly Bell, is evidently on the down line, considerable opposition having been displayed against him whenever an opportunity occurs, and it is said that he makes a noise. All, or nearly all, the others mentioned in my last have gained support during the week. A new aspirant, in Cœruleus, a bay colt by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, has sprung up for Epsom honours; and Breechloader, who got a place every time he ran, always in good company, has been nibbled at for the Two Thousand Guineas.

For another week or more there will be very little doing in sporting circles; for we shall not have the weights for the Spring Handicaps much before the end of the month, and there will not be much speculation upon them until after the acceptances have been made known. In the first week of February, however, the season will be fairly launched; and the Waterloo Cup will probably, in the mean time, be the cause of a little more wagering: as yet it has been singularly devoid of interest, from some cause or other,—the long-continued frost, and the scarcity of good greyhounds just at present being, I take it, the chief reasons. However, after 20 to 1 has been the price offered against anything all winter, a favourite has been at last found in Mr. Hyslop's nomination, 100 to 8 being the highest offer. A great amount of correspondence has been carried on lately as to the injustice of Rule 24 of the Laws of Racing, which enacts that "all nominations are void by the death of the subscriber." A good many arguments have been advanced on either side, and, as in all such cases, there is considerable difference of opinion; but the voice of the majority is certainly in favour of an alteration of the rule: how is it to be effected, will be the question; and, for my part, I think a difficult one to decide. No alteration that I have heard proposed would meet all wishes, and the only way to please the greater number would be to erase the rule entirely: against which of course there would be an outcry, and it would perhaps be a dangerous proceeding. But the rule must stand as it is, or be altogether omitted, for if the wording be changed to make nominations void by the death of the owner and not the subscriber, I don't see how that will improve matters: a horse must have an owner, he must belong to somebody. A man may die the day before the Derby; the horse is then the property of his heir, the heir is the owner of the horse:—a case of "The king is dead, long live the king."

There is very seldom a meeting at Kingsbury that is not followed by a number of indignant letters addressed to the editor of *The Times*, which letters bear frequently different signatures, but they all are written by the same hand, or I make a great mistake. It is not my business to uphold suburban, or any other sort of meetings; but if the writer of these letters would stick a little closer to the truth, the value of the said letters might be more valuable. On one of the days of the last Kingsbury Races, I went to see what was to be seen; and nowhere along the road, at the approaches to, or on the course, did I perceive or hear anything that could be called objectionable. The traffic of the Edgware Road was certainly increased: there were about a dozen four-horse omnibuses; and a score, or perhaps more, of hansom cabs. The Midland Railway also conveyed considerable numbers to the Welsh Harp. I walked about the course, and saw many gentlemen, well known in the racing world; and, although the weather was not quite adapted for pic-nics, there were a few ladies in the carriages opposite the stand. I saw no Welcher being ill-treated, nor did I hear any particular row: the races were over long before four o'clock, the attendance was dispersed before dark, and the "resident at Kingsbury" left to his own thoughts. There were no accidents, nobody was hurt, the races were fairly contested, and a large number of people appeared to enjoy them thoroughly. As I said before, there were several ladies in the carriages, and I recognised another "resident in the neighbourhood" driving his family about the course. So much for these letters to *The Times*. Let the writer of them remember the old adage, "Evil be to him who evil thinks;" let him recollect that every one cannot afford to go to Ascot, Epsom, &c.; and let him allow poorer people than himself to enjoy themselves in their own fashion.

After my last letter was in the hands of the printer, the Old Burlington Street Oracle appeared with a second lot of entries for the Spring Meetings; Mr. Frail having sent up his Northampton and Bristol broadsheets; and Mr. Sheldon his for Birmingham and Bath. We have also the entries for many more meetings: so the programme for the spring campaign is complete.

At Northampton, The Stakes and Earl Spencer's Plate have changed days, the latter being run on the first, the longer race on the second day: there is a great improvement in the number of entries for each; the Spencer Plate having closed with 77 subs. against 30 last year, and the Stakes can boast of 55 subs. instead of 35. The Northamptonshire Cup, worth only £100 last year to the winner, is now valued at three times that amount, and the distance reduced to one mile instead of two; but there are only 17 subs., among them being the Two Thousand favourite, Camballo, Lowlander, Walnut, Lemnos, Blenheim, Hochstapler, &c. The Bristol programme is as gigantic as ever. On the first day, the City Grand Annual Hurdle Race has obtained 49 entries, including most of our best timber jumpers, as well as the names of numerous novices at the game,—Boscobel, Burton, Hippias, Encore, and other flat-race winners of last year being among the number. Of the 46 nominations to the Ashton Court Steeple-chase, which will be the chief feature of the second day, many more than half are aged, nearly a fourth are 6 years, and there is only one 4 year-old, Boscobel; for Bonnie Doon, entered as 4 years, is a 5 year-old. The third, and last day, will be a bumper indeed; for there are already large entries for four races, in addition to the Bristol Royal Steeple-chase, which, with its added Thousand, has gained 76 subs., the most celebrated novices being Cranbourne, Khedive, Bethnal Green, Boscobel and Pathfinder (late Knight); while all the best public performers are engaged; and we must hope for fewer casualties than last year, when twelve or thirteen out of twenty runners, came to unutterable grief. At Bath, the only stakes closed—the Juvenile Stakes, and the Weston Stakes—show a wonderful increase, the added money to the former having been raised to £100, 33 subscribers instead of half-a-dozen is the result; and the latter race has nearly a third more entries than last year, although the value of the prize remains the same. Mr. Sheldon has been equally fortunate at Birmingham, where he has secured a good course within five miles of the town, whither the sporting Brums will doubtless flock in thousands to support their popular clerk of the course. The brothers Topham, too, have a flattering list to show at both Chester and Liverpool: at the latter place of sport the entries being extremely good; and the same may be said of the Chester events, with the exception of the Great Cheshire Stakes, which has wonderfully fallen away, and the Stewards' Cup, strange to say, has not filled, and is reopened until March 30.

At Harpenden too—one of the most enjoyable and certainly the best managed one-day meeting in the kingdom, whither so many repair every Friday before the Derby to hear the latest news—the entries for the Two-Year-Old Stakes are nearly, and those for the Rothamstead Stakes, more than double last year's numbers; and this I believe completes the list of meetings already announced in the *Calendar*.

Hunting men have been in luck's way since the frost took its departure, for good runs are the rule and not the exception; and that fickle necessity, scent, has been on its best behaviour. In Cheshire the non-advertising grievance still exists: it is of course extremely annoying to those not in the know; but something had to be done to stop the increasing phalanxes from Liverpool and Manchester, who came out to spoil their own sport and everybody else's too. They who were lucky to be out on the last two Saturdays, had plenty of galloping. On the 9th they found their first fox at Oulton Park, and after a very fine fifty-five minutes, killed him; and late in the day had a tremendously fast eleven minutes to ground. Last Saturday, after a brilliant thirty-five minutes from Handley Gorse, and a kill in the open, just as the Hills were being reached, Jones trotted back to Crow's Nest, where they found, and ran a straight goer to Stapleford, and stopped his career just two fields before he had gained the haven of refuge: they found again at Huxley, ran at racing pace through Cotton Hoofield to Stapleford, on through Duddon Heath, where the varmint turned towards Cotton again, and the hounds were stopped as it was nearly dark. From all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland the same good news arrives, and the votaries of the chase are beginning to forget, in their present series of good runs, the frost which kept their horses and themselves so long idle against their wills.

And now for a while we must descend from the sublime to the ridiculous; for I have been told of the following wonderful sport! which has recently been enjoyed (?) in a county, not a hundred miles from London, famous for its sheep and pigs. A gentleman not particularly fond of, or skilled in the art of, sport of any sort, who has not long taken to a country life, invited eight friends, all good shots, to join him in a day's shooting over his extensive manor. The guests were willing, and duly arrived on the appointed morning, when the *battue* began; and after a long day's walking the bag was discovered to contain three rabbits, a hare, a squirrel, and a jay. Dreadfully disgusted with themselves, their host, and everything else, the eight went empty away; not, however, before one of them had wickedly suggested that most probably the absence of game was the fault of the foxes. Whereupon the lord of the soil immediately dispatched a letter to the neighbouring master of hounds, and requested him to fix an early date to draw his covers, as the foxes had played sad havoc with his pheasants. Punctual to the hour the hounds arrived; and were shortly afterwards trotted across the lawn and put into some

shubberies, where they quickly found, not one fox, but a brace! both of which they killed, if not after the fastest runs, certainly in the quickest time on record, for they ran into the first in one minute and a half, and the other stood up before them just thirty seconds less. The first fox was of course a bag-man; the second had but three legs. Ironically thanking the astonished proprietor for the provisions he had made, the master blew his horn, and never drew rein until he had reached a covert well-known as a sure find, many miles away. RUGBY.

FISHING IN IRELAND.

By RALPH NEVILLE.

THE close season is fast coming to an end, and the disciples of Old Isaac are looking to their gear, and preparing for their contests with the lordly salmon. We cannot perhaps render a better service to our angling friends, than to point out to them, before they have definitively made their arrangements for the coming fishing season, where they can find the best sport on the most reasonable terms, within, we may say, a day's reach of their own homes, and without incurring risk or danger, save that arising from the mismanagement of our own railways, or any pecuniary outlay which might deter the most prudent or economical from undertaking the pleasant excursion which will take them to the desired localities. We can have no hesitation in asserting that no country in Europe presents so many advantages to the angler as Ireland; for there trout and salmon fishing are to be found in such close contiguity, as renders it perfectly possible to the angler to indulge in both amusements on the very same day. In many of the southern and western lakes, such as Killarney or Lough Corrib, which have direct communication with the ocean, both salmon and trout are to be found together; but it is in the inland lakes, where the trout never enters salt water, and yet where, on the western and north-western coast, the salmon rivers run in such close vicinity to the fresh water lakes, without in any way communicating with them, that the angler can change his rod and tackle, and shift without an hour's delay from the enjoyment of the one sport to that of the other, as circumstances may require. He might, for instance, kill the "Gilrod"—we trust our spelling may be correct—or "Gizzard trout," in Lough Melvin; or, should the fish refuse to rise there, he has only to betake himself to the river at Ballyshannon, some two miles off, and try his luck with the salmon.

Every man who has cast a fly and hooked his fish, will, we should think, greatly prefer dealing with the merry trout, to the sulky and determined salmon, who, scorning to have recourse to petty struggles, rushes forward headlong, and seeks to extricate himself from the grip of the hook by main force; and the angler who desires to enjoy trout fishing in perfection, should betake himself to the lakes in the mid-land counties—namely, Loughs Shelan, Belvidere, Owel, and Donore, all situate in the counties of Westmeath, Longford, and Cavan, but a few miles distant from each other—and be prepared at his post before the 1st of May, about which time the "fly" commences to rise, when he must be a tyro indeed if he cannot profit by the opportunity presented to him of filling his basket. We think that, without being accused of effeminacy, we may venture to profess our great predilection for lake, as compared with river fishing. In the former you suffer no personal discomforts, and no fatigues, save what arise from the struggles with your victims; and you are free from all anxiety of losing your fish through the obstruction of a broken tree, or the recess of a hollow bank, under which he can take shelter, to the utter destruction of your tackle and the accomplishment of his own liberation, after the continuance perhaps of an hour's contest, during which you have been paddling about in waterproofs, and perhaps tumbling into unseen holes, and being soured to such a degree as greatly to diminish your enjoyment. In the lake you sit calmly in your boat, carrying on your contest on equal terms with your fish, a fair field and no favour, the victory being won by the most active or the most adroit; and, while awaiting the pleasure of your game to rise and take your tempting fly, you fully enjoy, as you float indolently along, the surpassing beauties of the scenery by which you are surrounded. Surely the man who takes pleasure, and prides himself on killing filthy bream, and perhaps one half-pound trout during a season in the Thames, should feel himself almost in Elysium when he sees trout of from three to fifteen pounds weight rippling the water around him as they spring above its surface to seize their food; and there are comparatively few who seek amusement in a punt on the Thames who could not afford the cost, and spare the time, of a visit to the Irish lakes during the merry months of May and June.

The fish which affords most sport to the anglers is, we should say, a trout of from three to five pounds weight: he is, in general, the liveliest in his motions, and the least dangerous to the tackle from his lightness. It is, of course, a greater source of triumph to kill one of longer proportions, and we have seen some in days gone by brought to land in those waters, that turned the scale at fifteen and even twenty pounds; but, for play, give us the trout of smaller size. Often he bounds quite clear of the water, and tests the strength of your gut by his agility. Then he lies as if completely exhausted on the surface of the water, and allows himself to be drawn without an effort to escape, close to the boat's-side; but, no sooner is the landing net extended to take him in, than he surprises the angler, now off his guard, by a sudden and vigorous effort, which not unfrequently results in his escape. In estimating the pleasure of lake fishing, it is impossible to omit the enjoyments by which it is accompanied. What can be more delightful than the scenes which present themselves on the verdant borders of the water when the various parties engaged in the sport land at some favourite spot to eat their luncheons, and talk over their successes and disappointments while the trout outlets are being prepared for their entertainment. The process is a simple one, but we will venture to assert that the most accomplished chef could not produce anything more appetising. The outlets are pierced by freshly cut wooden skewers, which are then stuck around a green sod, the fire being lighted in the centre; and, as occasion requires, they are carefully turned until completely cooked, while the interval is occupied in merry banter; for all are acquaintances or friends, save perhaps some newly arrived stranger, who, if his appearance and manners merit it, very soon finds himself quite at home with his brother anglers. Many English and foreign gentlemen frequent the Irish lakes during the season; and the late Sir Richard Sutton, as skilled an angler as he was daring a fox-hunter, was for many years before his death a constant visitor.

We should strongly advise any one who may be influenced by our recommendation to visit the Irish lakes, not to encumber themselves with "flies," which can prove of no possible use to them, and will almost certainly spoil their sport should they persevere in using them. If not able to tie their "flies" themselves, they are certain to find at every lake men who are capable of doing so, and who perfectly understand those best suited for the occasion.

It now only remains for us to give our readers a *carte de route* for their guidance. Within ten and a half hours they pass from London to Dublin, crossing the Channel in the best-

found and fastest steamers afloat, which, except on extraordinary occasions, keep time to the moment. Leaving Euston Station by the night mail, they reach Dublin at half-past six, A.M., and may be casting their lines on Belvidere Lake before ten the same morning. They should take their tickets—return ones for a month to Mullingar, and establish their quarters there; from whence a car will take them to the locality—in which boats and men to row them may be hired—within the space of half an hour. When visiting the other lakes, they can find comfortable and cheaper lodgings on their very banks; the northern shore of Lough Shelan—*facile princeps* of the Irish lakes—is studded with comfortable cottages, inhabited by the descendants of Cromwell's soldiers, who still possess the grants bestowed on their ancestors. Those men have their houses expressly fitted up for the reception of visitors; and from your rooms you can see when the trout commence to rise, and have only to step into the boat, and be, in almost an instant, amongst them. Lough Shelan is a very extensive sheet of water, measuring, we believe, some seven Irish miles in length, and five in breadth,—studded with islands, covered with ancient ruins, and surrounded on all sides by beautiful scenery. Should the time for trout fishing prove unpropitious, the visitor can amuse himself by catching pike of very large size—some running from twenty to fifty pounds weight—with "floats," or killing perch with the bait of a worm, as fast as he can draw them up and take them off the hook. *En passant*, we may remark, that perch are sometimes taken in this lake, and in Loch Owel, weighing from three to four pounds; and that when they reach that size, they are perhaps the most delicious fish ever placed on the table.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XXV.

ALTHOUGH private theatricals can scarcely come under the head of sport, few amusements are more delightful during a frost than they are; and I could name numbers of men famed for their exploits in the hunting-field, on the turf, by the river side, at a "hot corner" out pheasant shooting, on the mountains stalking a deer, or on the banks of the Spey landing a twenty-pound salmon, who have been excellent amateur actors. I therefore offer no apology for introducing the subject.

To go back some five hundred years ago, I find that in 1378 a petition was presented by the scholars of St. Paul's School to Richard II., praying the King "to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the *History of the Old Testament*, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense in order to represent it publicly at Christmas." In the same reign we meet with the representation of dramas of a similar description by the society of the parish clerks. The parish clerks were incorporated into a guild by Henry III., about the year 1240. It was anciently customary for men and women of the first quality, ecclesiastics and others, to be admitted into this corporation, and who were usually hired as a band of vocal performers by the nobility. In the year 1391, the parish clerks played certain interludes at Skinner's Well, near London, for three days successively, the King, Queen, and many of the nobility being present at the performance; and in the year 1409 they represented at the same place "a great play, which lasted eight days, a sort of compendium of universal history; there were to see the same the most parte of the nobles and gentles in England."

I must now put on my seven-league boots and jump over two hundred and sixty-seven years, when the following notice appeared:

COMUS, A MASK.

Presented at Ludlow Castle before the Earl of Bridgewater, the President of Wales.

The chief persons who presented were:—
The Lord Brackley,
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother,
The Lady Alice Egerton.

In an edition of Milton's poems in 1645, the following extract from a dedication to John Viscount Brackley, son and heir apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater appears:—"My Lord. This poem ('Comus'), which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you."

Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu Esq., dated Jan. 22nd, 1761, gives the following account of an amateur performance.

"I was excessively amused on Tuesday night, there was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox, and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was *Jane Shore*; Mr. Rice, Lord Barrington's nephew, was 'Gloucester,' and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well 'Belmour'; Lord O'Faly, Lord Ashbrooke, and other boys did the rest; but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from 'Jane Seymour'; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed too on seeing Mr. Fox's little boy (Henry Edward) of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly." Lady Sarah Lennox above alluded to, married Sir Charles Bunbury, when the following satire appeared:—

"For as for the Shrewsburies and all such trumpery,
To them she prefers her black-legged Bunbury."

Lady Sarah was afterwards married to Colonel George Napier, son of the fourth Lord Napier. Lady Susan Strangways, the 'Alicia' in *Jane Shore*, daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, had evidently strong dramatic propensities; for not alone was she clever on the mimic boards, but afterwards played a more important rôle, by running away with and marrying Mr. O'Brien the actor.

Another play-bill runs as follows:—

FEBRUARY 1, 1791.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

As performed at Mr. Conduit's, Master of the Mint, before the Duke of Cumberland, etc.

PERFORMERS.

Cortez	Lord Lempster.
Cydario	Lady Caroline Lenox.
Almerio	Lady Sophia Fernor.
Alibech	Miss Conduit, afterwards Lady Lymington.

AUDIENCE.

Duke of Cumberland, Princess Mary, Princess Louisa, Lady Delvaine and her daughters, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Earl of Pomfret, Duke of Montague, Tom Hill, Dr. Desaguliers.

The above is a key to a remarkable picture of private theatricals, giving a list of the performers and audience.

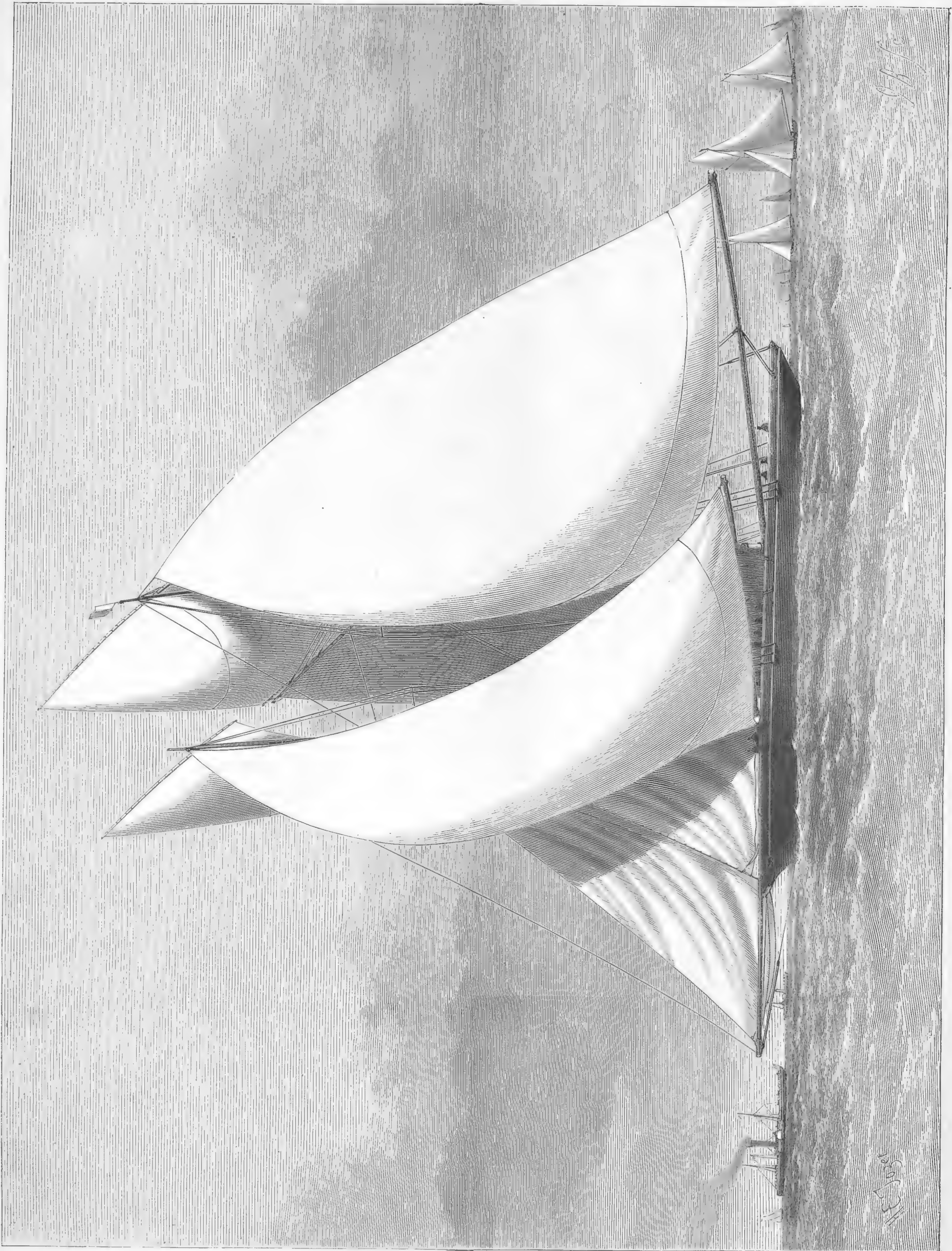
Ireland has long been famed for its private theatricals, and it appears that in 1759 a performance of *Midas* was given at Lurgan, the seat of William Brownlow, one of the representatives of the County of Armagh. Upon this occasion the author, Mr. Kane O'Hara, acted the part of 'Pan,' the other characters being undertaken by members of the Brownlow family. In 1760, Mr. Thomas Conolly, another distinguished member of the Irish parliament, got up some theatricals at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, and among the most successful performances was the first part of *Henry IV.* The Earl of Kildare, afterwards Duke of Leinster, opened Carton, in 1761, to a series of similar entertainments, among the pieces played, was *The Beggar's Opera*, cast as follows:—

Mackeath	Captain Morris.
Peachum	Lord Charlemont.
Lockit	Rev. Dean Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Waterford.
Fitch	Mr. Thomas Conolly.
Polly	Miss Martin.
Lucy	Lady Louisa Conolly.
Mrs. Peachum	The Countess of Kildare.
Jenny Diver	Miss Vesey.
Coaxer	Miss Alderley.

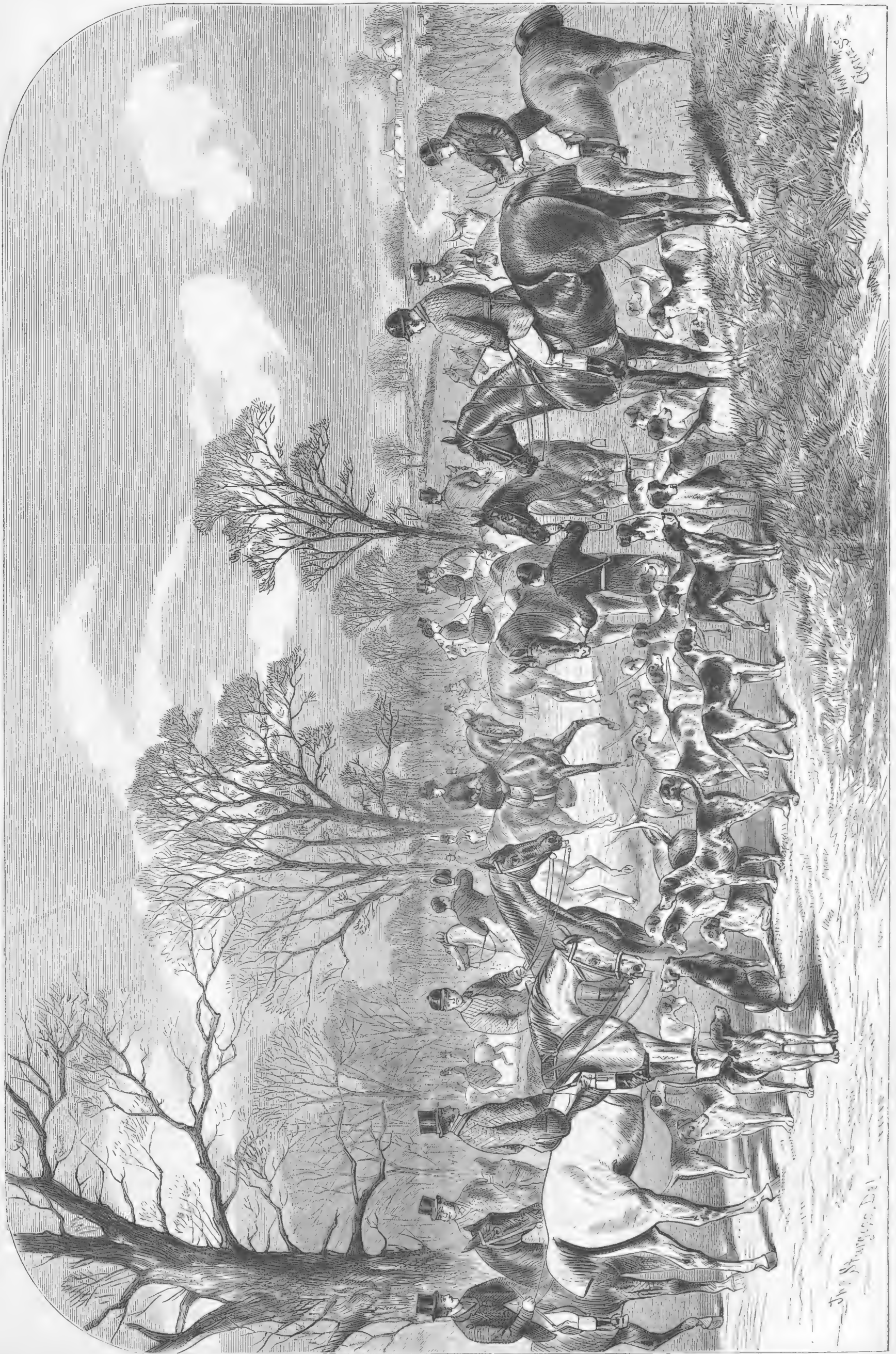
A prologue was spoken by the Dean, the production of his own classic pen, in which, in allusion to himself, he writes:—

"But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,
All shall resume the worth they had before;
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,
And lose the gaoler in the dull Divine."

About the end of the year, 1774, a taste for dramatic amusements was very prevalent in the county of Kilkenny. Plays were got up at Knocktopher, Farmley, and Kilfane, the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr. Henry Flood, and Mr. Gervase Parker Bush. Henry Grattan was a member of this theatrical society, which passed from house to house to enjoy their histrionic recreations. Among other plays, they performed *Macbeth*, and it is curious to reflect, that of the two contending heroes in the play, 'Macbeth' became the lot of Mr. Grattan, while that of 'Macduff' devolved on his then latent rival in the senate, Mr. Flood. In the year 1776, the Rt. Hon. David La Touche gave a theatrical *fête* at Marlay, upon which occasion the masque of *Comus* was performed. In 1785, Shane's Castle, in the county of Antrim, the seat of the Rt. Hon. John O'Neill, who was afterwards raised to the peerage, became the scene of theatrical festivities: the bill of November 28, announces *Cymbeline*, with an epilogue written and spoken by the lady of the house, in the character of a 'Sylph,' the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald taking the part of the 'Second Lord.' The Rt. Hon. Luke Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, opened a private theatre, in the year 1778, at the lodge he then occupied in the Phoenix Park, when *Macbeth* and the *Citizen* were acted, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his family, honouring the performance with their presence. Early in 1786, the Countess of Ely had the upper part of her mansion in Ely Place, Dublin, converted into a playhouse, which was not inaptly called "The Attic Theatre." Here *The Distressed Mother*, with the farce of *All the World's a Stage*, were admirably represented, as was *King Lear*. Shaw's Court Theatre, Dublin, was opened by the Shane's Castle Association, on May 8, 1786, when *The Force of Love* was represented. At Dromana, December 14, 1787, the Earl and Countess of Grandison got up *Venice Preserved*, and *Rosina*, upon which occasion the performance was honoured by the presence of Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence and William IV.; a second performance took place on the 17th, when *The Provoked Husband*, and the *Beggar's Opera* (contracted), formed the programme, the Earl of Grandison taking the part of 'Lord Townly.' In 1789, the Attic Theatre was again opened, with the comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, and the farce of *Lethé*. The tragedy of *King John* followed a few nights afterwards, and on both occasions the newly appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquess of Buckingham, and his court were present. In 1793, and 1794, a *corps dramatique* of noblemen and gentlemen engaged the theatre in Fishamble Street, Dublin, for a series of performances. In the following year French plays were got up at Roebuck Castle, the seat of Lord Trimleston; among others, Piron's comedy of the *Metromance*, in which his lordship, Mr. Bramwell, and Le Comte McCarty, supported the principal characters. I now approach the private theatricals at Kilkenny. The circumstances that led to the formation of this establishment may be gleaned from the following statement, which appeared in one of the public prints:—"The hospitable mansion of Kilfane, was not long since enlivened by a few theatrical representations, got up by the highly gifted family (the Powers) there, with the aid of some of the principal gentlemen of the county. Their little labours, undertaken for the mere purpose of their own private amusement, have led to a public result of a very interesting nature; for the same gentlemen have been prevailed upon to exert those talents for the Drama, which they lately evinced at Kilfane, to promote the cause of charity in Kilkenny." The first season commenced on February 2, 1802, and closed on the 6th, during which period three performances were given. On the first night *The Orphan*, an occasional prologue, and a pantomime were performed; on the second, *Venice Preserved* and *The Poor Soldier*; on the third, *Venice Preserved*, and a pantomime. The last performance took place on October 28, 1819, when *Richard III.*, and *The Agreeable Surprise*, attracted a numerous audience. Between the years 1808 and 1819, the following tragedies, comedies, farces, melodramas, and pantomimes were acted. Tragedies,—*King John*, *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *Hamlet*, *Henry IV.* 1st part, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, *Richard III.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *Count of Narbonne*, *Douglas*, *The Gamester*, *Jane Shore*, *Oronoko*, *Barbarossa*, *Orphan*, *Pigarro*, *Revenge*, *Venice Preserved*. Comedies,—*All in the Wrong*, *Beauz Stratagem*, *Clandestine Marriage*, *Dramatist*, *Honeymoon*, *Inconstant*, *Know Your Own Mind*, *Love for Love*, *Poor Gentleman*, *Rivals*, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, *School for Scandal*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Way to Keep Him*, *West Indian*, *Wild Oats*, *Wonder*. Plays,—*The Mountaineers*, *Siege of Damascus*, *Surrender of Calais*, *The Wanderer*. Operas,—*Lionel and Clarissa*, *Castle of Andalusia*, *Inkle and Jarico*, *Agreeable Surprise*, *Anatomist*, *Apprentice*, *Bombastes Furioso*, *Bon Ton*, *Catherine and Petruchio*, *Comus*, *Citizen*, *Critic*, *Deserter*, *Devil to Pay*, *Divorce*, *Fortune's Frolics*, *High Life Below Stairs*, *Liar*, *Lock and Key*, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, *Lovers Quarrels*, *Love à la Mode*, *Lying Valet*, *Matrimony*, *Major of Garratt*, *Midnight Hour*, *Minor*, *No Song no Supper*, *Of Age to-morrow*, *Padlock*, *Peeping Tom*, *Poor Soldier*, *Prize*, *Raising the Wind*, *Review*, *Rosina*, *Sultan*, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, *Tom Thumb*, *Three Weeks After Marriage*, *Village Lawyer*, *Weathercock*, *Who's the Dupe?* X.Y.Z. After pieces,—*Children in the Wood*, *Don Juan*, *Oscar and Malvina*, *Rugantino*, *Valentine and Orson*. The company included the names of Messrs. R. Power, Rothe, Tighe, H. Tighe, Langrishe, Lyster, G. P. Bush, R. Langrishe, Corry, Glasecock, H. Butler, Ponsonby, Bryan, Buher, Ashe, "Anacreon Moore"; Lords Monek, Mountjoy, Hawarden and James Stuart; Sir E. Denny, Sir J. Stronge, Sir J. C. Coghill; Messdames Cooke, Johnson, Hitchcock, Weston, McCulloch, C. Connor, H. Johnston; Miss O'Neill, afterwards Lady Buher, Miss Stephens, the present Countess of Essex, Miss Walstein, Miss Smith, afterwards Mrs. Bartley, Misses Dykes, Locke, Lacy, Curtis, Kelly, Rock, A. Walstein, Johnston, and Davison. (To be continued).



THE SCHOONER YACHT "EGERIA," THE PROPERTY OF MR. MULHOLLAND



THE FIRST MEET AFTER THE THAW.

THE BERLIN STAGE.—II.

(Continued from page 334.)

BERLIN, Dec. 29.

ONE of the largest Berlin houses is the handsome, and not undeservedly popular "Victoria Theater," which holds in the German Weltstadt much the same position as that enjoyed by the Châtelet in Paris. It is here that all the grand spectacular pieces, such as *La Chatte Blanche* and *Les pilules du Diable* are produced, and the marked favour with which these *fécies* are received, affords ample proof of the Berlinese taste for scenic display. *Die Wasse Katze* was performed for over two hundred nights consecutively, and *Die Sieben Raben*, the so called "romantic legend" now occupying the boards, seems likely to enjoy an equally long run. Not that the piece—due to the pen of Herr Emil Pohl, with music by C. Lehnhardt—is in the least degree remarkable from a dramatic or literary point of view; for the jokes scattered through it are very poor, and the songs are most decidedly tame; but almost exclusively on account of the magnificent manner in which it has been put upon the stage. To say the truth, *Die Sieben Raben*—founded, I may mention, on the popular German legend of the Seven Ravens—is a feast for the eyes, not one for the ears. It abounds in gorgeous transformation scenes, some of them very original and effective; and when I say that I consider its "get up" to be fully equal to that of *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Gaité, the reader will understand that it is of the most complete description. If there is one *tableau* I prefer to any other, it is the sixth, in which one witnesses the siege of a castle, just in the manner that it used to take place in the middle ages. The costumes of the soldiers have all been most carefully copied from old pictures, and the scene—with the archers busy with their cross-bows, and the foot-guards scaling the castle walls, which are crowned by the intrepid, but far from numerous defenders—is remarkably well arranged, and forcibly calls to mind some of the curious old military pictures of the XVIth century still extant. There is not much opportunity for acting in the *Sieben Raben*, and the leading rôles struck me as being very badly filled; but, on the other hand, there are some charming ballets. The leader of these is Mlle. Adelina Théodore, whom the play-bills announce as "from Paris;" but although a resident in the French capital for many years, I must confess that I never heard of her name before I found it printed in letters, eight inches high, on the notices posted over the Litfass columns. Parisienne, or not, however, Mlle. Théodore acquits herself gracefully of her task, and the Berliners do not grudge her their applause.

All visitors to Berlin will know Kroll's establishment in the Thiergarten, which, during the summer, is one of the German Weltstadt's most pleasant places of resort. It luckily does not lie far outside the Brandenburger Thor, so that although its gardens are necessarily deserted in the winter, its theatres and pavilions still attract numerous visitors during the cold weather. Kroll's annual *Weihnachts Ausstellung*, or Christmas Exhibition, has this year been a most successful one. It comprises a most wonderful series of plaster groups of animals, modelled by Herr Leven of Frankfort, and provided with all the necessary landscape accompaniments. In one *saale* one finds the animals of the tropical world; in another, are a series of groups illustrating animal life among the Alps; humorous and characteristic *Bilder aus dem Thierleben* abound. The grand theatrical novelty *Die Galloschen des Glücks*—"The Galosches of Fortune"—is based on Hans Andersen's well known fairy tale; but its incidents are of a more surprising character than those recorded by the popular Scandinavian story-teller. There are eight *tableaux*, depicting in turns scenes in Berlin, in India, and in Fairyland, some of them being very effectively arranged; and a couple of ballets, the first entitled, *The Dance of the Roses and the Butterflies*, and the second designated as *Indisches Ballabile*. The text of this spectacular novelty—in arrangement not unlike one of our English pantomimes, minus the clown and pantaloon business—is by Herren Jacobson and Girndt, while the music—which might be better—has been composed by Herren Michaelis and Lehnhardt.

The Luisenstädtisches Theater in the Dresdenerstrasse is a large, but scarcely a handsome house, the effect of the mural decorations being entirely destroyed by the heavy, profusely ornamented ceiling from the centre of which a weighty and remarkably ugly chandelier is suspended. The drop curtain—as is generally the case with the Berlin theatres, even with those of the highest rank—is a far from pleasing combination of green and carmine, with a large gold lyre figuring in the middle. The floor of the house is divided into three divisions, separated from each other by panelled partitions, chairs and tables being scattered in reckless confusion through all three. On arriving at the theatre, about a quarter of an hour before the rise of the curtain, one is sure to find the audience in the midst of supper, kellers laden with plates and glasses of beer rushing frantically to and fro, while youthful pastry cooks, clad in orthodox white, circulate with their scarcely appetising *kuchen* between the chairs and tables. The piece now being performed at the Luisenstädtisches Theater is a six *tableaux-pochade*, entitled, *To-day for Cash, To-morrow Gratis!* or *Reclame*, the text being by Herr H. Fischbach, and the music by G. Steffens. A few nights ago, however, the popular piece, *Berlin unter der Erde*, still retained the boards, and we are promised a *reprise* of it for the coming month. The title which might be literally translated as "Berlin under the Earth," scarcely conveys a right impression concerning the character of the piece, which in reality is depictive of life in the Berlin cellars. It is replete with pantomimic incidents, love-sick heroes and heroines hiding themselves in water-butts, cupboards, and capacious trunks; enraged papas assailing their daughters' courtiers with pokers and broom handles, and irritable masters belabouring the backs of their apprentices with leather straps. Tillack, the keeper of a low cellar lodging-house, has an only and a lovely daughter, Ida by name. This damsel, who is secretly in love with an ingenious baker's assistant, is persecuted by a certain Titus Abel, a gentleman who is extravagantly fond of the fair sex, paying his addresses to young and old alike. Unfortunately for Mr. Abel, who, clothed in a dress coat with brass buttons, and a pair of eccentrically striped trousers, has a most *distingué* appearance upon the stage, his course of true love never once runs smooth. His ridiculous adventures in search of an ideal maiden form the leading incidents of the piece, the "villain" of which is a certain Herr Bremsenstecker, a "social democrat by profession." This latter on one memorable occasion forces trembling Herr Abel to exchange clothes with him, and on another assists in the lynching of an "Herr aus Potsdam" in Tillack's cellar. Towards the close of the piece the latter is ruined, and his furniture has to be sold off by auction. On this occasion he comes into contact with the love-sick Abel, who takes refuge in an empty wardrobe, and is locked in it by Tillack. When Abel is eventually released he accuses Tillack of having robbed him of his clothes; and, in spite of the protestations of his friends and daughter, the latter is eventually dragged off to the police-station, when an amusing sketch is given of the summary manner in which the Berlin police deal with offenders. The piece concludes most enigmatically by a *tableau*, entitled, "Don Carlos in Berlin," in which an actor, costumed like the Spanish pretender, and accompanied by a lady supposed to impersonate the Duchess of Madrid, struts on to the

tage, and menaces the assembled *dramatis personæ* with immediate execution. Donna Marguerita brandishes meanwhile a tiny dagger, and intimates in the course of some melodramatic verses that it is with this pretty plaything that she is in the habit of "finishing" all her husband's wounded prisoners. At the conclusion of her *tirade*, Don Carlos makes an incomprehensible speech about Prince Bismarck, Count Arnim, the Ultramontanists, King Alfonso, and the desirability of German intervention in Spain, and finally concludes by pardoning his captives. A display of Bengal fire follows, and the curtain falls, leaving the audience well-nigh bewildered. I must mention that one is favoured between the acts with various ballet performances which appear to meet with the approbation of the audience, who smoke, and gossip, and quaff their beer throughout the evening. All the dances—the *Grand Pas de six sérieux*, the *Parole d'Amour*, *Pas de chaises*, and the *Tarentella*, are announced as being arranged, by ballet-master Signor Renda. Some of the songs scattered through the piece are not without point, the two best being that entitled, "Berlin unter der Erde," sung by Tillack at the close of the first act, and that sung by his daughter after one of her love *rendezvous* with the ingenious baker's assistant.

The *Réunion*, which holds corresponding rank with the Luisenstädtisches Theater, is a somewhat smaller, but on the whole more tastefully decorated establishment, its gallery being supported by light iron columns, while its glass roof has a rather brilliant effect when all the chandeliers suspended from it are lighted up. Two of the most popular pieces of its *répertoire* are the *Berliner Windbeutel*, and the *Dieustmann*, No. 113, pantomimic *pochades*, more or less in the style of *Berlin unter der Erde*. The "*Windbeutel*," or *Berlinese gascons*, are two young fellows who pass their time in courting their neighbour's wives—one of them being an insolvent composer of music, and the other a journalist in embryo. There is any amount of rough play in this absurd farce, which is full of songs about the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck, some of them referring now and then to the recent Arnim *affaire*, and others investing Ultramontanist Deputy Windhorst, with the by no means flattering title of "Prince of Demons." The "*Windbeutel*" finish at the close of the third act by securing the hands of the damsels of their hearts. The impecunious musician espouses a widow of forty-five, and the beardless journalist is solemnly betrothed to a bad tempered young lady, not wholly without certain personal attractions, and who, besides, has a snug little dower of 20,000 thalers. The musician's widow is also possessed of certain savings, which will enable her lord and master to live comfortably until the advent of the auspicious morn when he will wake up and find himself famous. There is rather more plot in *Dieustmann* 113, than in the above-mentioned trifle. The Berlin *Dieustmann*, or *Commissionnaire*, is one of the city's most curious types. He, of the play, is an idle, ne'er-do-well, who, to oblige a love-sick assessor, consents to lend him his cap and jacket that he may go a-courting. Meanwhile he dons the assessor's garments, installs himself in the assessor's arm-chair, drinks the assessor's wine, smokes the assessor's tobacco, and, to crown all, makes love to the assessor's cousin. But, as the French say, *chaque médaille a son revers*. The Herr Assessor is deeply in debt, and while *Dieustmann* 113 is conning the *Fremdenblatt* with his feet on the mantelpiece, a sheriff's officer makes his appearance, and requires him to come along to jail. This is scarcely to Mr. *Dieustmann's* taste, he swears that he is not the assessor, but of course the officer declines to accept the denial, and No. 113 is eventually marched off. Of course all comes right in the end. The assessor marries the damsel he has been courting under the disguise of a *Commissionnaire*, the *Dieustmann* is released and restored to his wife, who has been wondering what had become of him, while the assessor's cousin with whom he has been flirting consoles herself by marrying another. Among the minor characters of the piece are an eccentric coachman, and a lady's maid who wears half a hundred-weight of false hair on her head, and attires herself in far more costly robes than those worn by her mistress.

Of all the minor Berlin theatres, none perhaps are decorated in better taste than the little Variété Theater, situated quite in the suburbs of the city. It is here that the popular *Milchmann aus Charlottenberg* is being played. It is perhaps of a slightly higher order of merit than the pieces which constitute the *répertoire* of the Réunion and Luisenstädtisches theatres, but is still of much the same school—comic songs being introduced into almost every scene, and rough pantomimic action abounding.

Among the remaining houses I may mention the Wollendorff, the Vorstädtisches, the Bellevue, the Saison, and the Walhall-Volks theatres, all of which are largely patronised by the *petite bourgeoisie* and the lower classes. Berlin also possesses a couple of circuses—Herr Reutz's far-famed establishment, and that of his competitor, M. Salamowsky. As for the *café concerts*, they are far more numerous than those of Paris.

THE DUBLIN STAGE IN 1874.

THREE years ago the city of Dublin, with a population of more than three hundred thousand, possessed only one theatre. The Queen's, no doubt, was there, claiming with the Royal, rights of consideration: But its performances were of an ultra crude character, and its audiences of questionable respectability. Towards the close of 1871, the Gaiety was opened by Messrs. J. and M. Gunn; and from its first night to the beginning of 1874 the ways of the Queen's grew narrower and narrower, until, finally, it ceased to appeal at all to the public, or, but rarely, with a scratch company in a benefit for some nebulous star of its brighter hours. All this time the Royal, under Mr. John Harris, held up its head in calm indifference, like a Titan seeing no relevance to his case in the struggles of inferior deities. Thus, at the commencement of the year just past, many people supposed the full strength of Dublin theatre-goers could support no more than the Royal and the Gaiety.

The Royal began the year with an old pantomime, *Valentine and Orson*, finely mounted. The company was largely made up of the too familiar old stock, swollen by a few recruits of no special name, and no particular merit. The pantomime relied altogether on its scenic effects and spectacular pageants. One scene, "The Byzantine Hall of the King's Palace," was a very fine piece of chromatic construction. The Gaiety started with *King Turko the Terrible*, a new version of an old pantomime. Into the old framework some thirty original songs had been written by Mr. Edwin Hamilton, who this year has re-cast and re-written *The Yellow Dwarf* for the Royal. An exceptionally good company, including Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Madge Stavart, M. Loredan, and Mr. E. W. Royce, was secured, and the whole produced, with great brilliancy, under the superintendence of Mr. Royce. The pantomime proved a great success, and was withdrawn only when members of the company, whose places could not easily be supplied by others, were obliged to leave to fulfil other engagements.

For some time before the beginning of 1874, Mr. John Harris, lessee of the Royal, and the debenture holders of that theatre, had been at law respecting the rights of the latter; and, before the pantomime had run its full length, Mr. Harris's position, viewed from a legal stand-point, looked very bad. He had, while the dispute was in court, refused admission to the debenture-holders. The court commented severely upon this act, and it was rumoured

that each individual debenture holder had, by virtue of this exclusion, an action against the lessee. The theatre was, in the end, put on the market, and Messrs. J. and M. Gunn, owners of the Gaiety, became purchasers of Mr. Harris's interest. Thus the two principal theatres were in the hands of one firm. There was a most melancholy sequel to Mr. Harris's retirement. On the 14th of March his body was found on the White Rock, Killiney, near Dublin. An open verdict of "Found drowned" was returned. General belief favoured the idea that the legal troubles and excitement had proved too much for his health, and that his mind had given way.

From a short time after the pantomime, until April, the Royal remained closed. It opened with *The Lancashire Lass* and *The Good Woman of the Woods*, and closed in May, after Miss Wallis's engagement. During the recess, many alterations were made in the auditorium. The obstructive gasaliers, which hung in front of the dress circle, were taken down, and a scene-light substituted. The seats in the pit were covered with American leather, and the alternate ones provided with backs. The decorations were brightened up. New seats were provided for the dress circle, and the spaces between the seats increased. The house lost its impressive sombreness, but something was gained in comfort and brightness.

Towards the close of July, Messrs. Dust and West opened a little theatre, the Grafton, in South Anne Street. It is constructed to hold seven hundred people. The audience are accommodated in a pit, pit-stalls, balcony, and four private boxes. The decorations are blue and white, picked out with gold. Except at day performances, the gentler sex are excluded. In the evening, those who care to relax, can smoke and have refreshments in the house. The little place is painted in excellent taste. It was opened with a particularly good company, including in the vocal department Miss Russell, Miss Fanny Harrison, Mr. E. Connell, and Mr. J. W. Turner. The ballet consisted of Mlle. Bassano, the sisters Elliott, and others.

On the 3rd of August, the Queen's, with Mr. Arthur Lloyd, as proprietor and manager, was reopened to the public. For a considerable time it had been in the hands of tradesmen. From the top to the bottom it was cleaned up and painted. Among other improvements were a new act drop and curtain, new scenery, covered seats (alternately backed) for the pit, chairs for the boxes; and, above all, a clarification of the real and figurative atmosphere. The little house had previously enjoyed a reputation for dirt and indecency; under Mr. Lloyd, it is clean and wholesome, and in its performances, as free from anything offensive as an ideal Lord Chamberlain, with a nice moral sense, could desire. Its labours are not now in the ways of tragedy; it devotes itself rather to musical comedies, farces, acrobats, and mimics. So it occurred that Dublin, having begun business in 1874 with two theatres, found herself, when the Royal opened with Mr. Sothorn, early in September, provided with four theatres all going on; and all, as far as appearances showed, doing well. The fact is, not that the two theatres had been sufficient, but that the taste of the day for light forms of theatrical entertainment had not been demonstrated practically, until the Gaiety was opened in 1871.

It must have seemed strange that the owners of the two principal theatres should, upon the first opening under them of the more important one, choose to be discourteous to the press; and yet such was the case. Under the old management all members of the newspaper press were admitted as often as they chose to sign the book. Now a decree went forth to the effect that only one man from each paper would be admitted, and that this man should be the one who was to write the notice! The arrangement did not, however, work favourably, and was in a short time abandoned. Of course the effect of such an affront did not pass away with the regulation which gave it, and some of the papers still prefer to pay for their men, and give notices of the Royal and the Gaiety when they think their readers care for such, and without any regard to the wishes of the lessees.

After Mr. Sothorn, came on the 22nd of September the great event of the theatrical year in Dublin, Mr. Mapleson, with his Italian opera company. Never did he bring a list of better names. Out of it take for instance Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Marie-Roze, Mlle. Alwina Valleria, Mlle. Singelli, Mlle. Risarelli, Mlle. Bauermeister, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madame De Merie Lablache, Sig. Campanini, Mr. Bentham, Sig. Paladine, Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Rinaldino, Sig. Agnesi, Sig. De Reschi, Sig. Catalani, Sig. Perkin, Sig. Campobello, Herr Behrens, Sig. Costa, &c. Yet, strange to say, for the first week the houses were thin, and upon the whole the season was not a success. Some said the people were still out of town, others said people kept away dreading a crush, and still another section explained the matter by saying that the affront to the press was then telling.

On Wednesday, in the first week, *Il Talismano* was produced. Apart from the interest in a new opera, the fact that it came from the hand of a Dublin man would naturally have excited great interest. A crammed house was secured. Notwithstanding the desire to think well of the work, the verdict was a qualified one. On the Sunday following came the great sensation of the year. Cardinal Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, addressed a letter to all his parish priests, asking them to warn their flocks against entertainments in which religious observances, or ceremonies, or rites were travestied. All Dublin talked of nothing else, and wonder was felt as to how the next performance of the opera would go off. Greatly to the relief of some, and the disappointment of others, the scene to which exception had been taken was left out: there was not the least disturbance in the house.

From the end of Mr. Mapleson's yearly visit until Christmas, interest in theatricals languishes. Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. Barry Sullivan took the boards of the Royal with satisfactory results. Upon the whole, the year at this theatre was broken and heavy. The Gaiety showed more sustained vitality. Looking through its year we find among other names and pieces the following:—Mr. Charles Mathews, Falconer's *Killarney*, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Flockton's company in *Apple Blossoms*, Mr. Sefton's company, with Miss Rose Leclercq in Gilbert's pieces, *Madame Angot* with Miss Laverne, Younge's company in *Heart's Delight* and *War*. English opera with Miss Rose Hersee (who fell ill of typhoid fever and could not appear), Madame Gillies-Corri, Madame Heywood, Madame Telma, Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. E. W. Cotte, Mr. Henry Corri, Mr. Furneaux Cook, &c.

The condition of the Dublin stage is one of progress. There is a simple formula, which seems at length to be fully understood:—Good companies spell profit, bad ones loss. If Dublin managers give this formula a fair trial they will find it infallible. The reason why the Dublin theatrical public seemed heretofore so limited, was because little was offered to tempt people to leave their firesides. Should twice as many theatres as are now in Dublin be opened, they might all thrive if they could be provided with good companies, and with managers of liberal intelligence, decent manners, and some spirit.

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—JOHN SCORR. N.B.—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be had of all chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADV.]

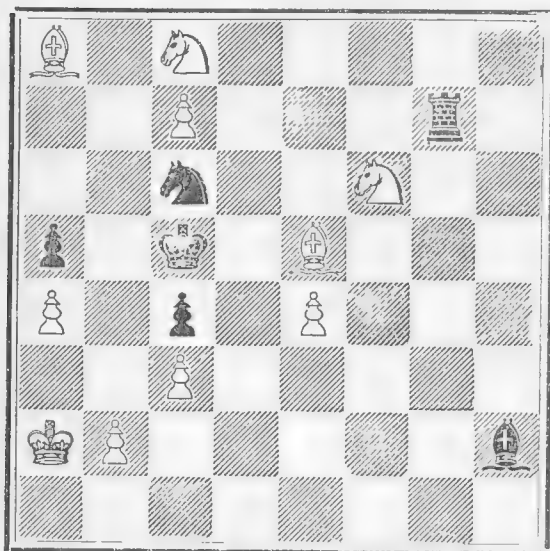
Chess.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention.
Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 37.

By Mr. H. SCHLUSNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions of problems received from A. W. L., PETER, LONG STREET, J. E. WATSON, and J. G.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION PROBLEM TOURNEY.

The final award of the Committee was made recently, and is as under:

1st Prize. S. Sorensen, Copenhagen.	5th Prize. C. Naudsbaum.
2nd " Conrad Bayer.	6th " J. M. Brown.
3rd " J. H. Finlinton.	7th " L. Rossati.
4th " W. S. Pavitt.	8th " H. Schmidt.

The special prizes for the best four-move problem has been adjudged to Mr. Sorensen, the winner of the first prize set; for the best three-move to Mr. F. Healey; and for the best two-move to Mr. Kling.

The following game was played some time ago at the St. George's Club, between Messrs. Lowenthal and Cochrane:—

[KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	22. K takes P	22. R to K sq
2. P to KB 4	2. P takes P	23. B to Q 2	23. R to K 6 (d)
3. Kt to KB 3	3. Kt to K 2	24. B takes R	24. Q takes R
4. B to Q 4	4. Kt to K 3 (a)	25. R to K sq (e)	25. Kt to Q 2
5. B to KB 4 (b)	5. B to K 2	26. Q to KB 5	26. Q to Q 4
6. Castles	6. Castles	27. Q to K R 3	27. K to Kt sq
7. Kt to Q R 3	7. P to Q B 3	28. B to K B 2	28. Q to KB 2
8. Q Kt to K 2	8. P to Q 4	29. Kt to K Kt 5	29. Q to K Kt 3
9. B to Q 3	9. P takes P	30. Q to Q Kt 3	30. K to R sq
10. B takes K P	10. P to KB 4		
11. B to Q 3	11. B to Q 3	31. P to K R 4	31. Q to KB 4
12. B to Q B 4 (d)	12. K to R sq	32. Q to KB 3	32. Kt to KB 3
13. P to K Kt 3	13. P takes P	33. R to K 7	33. R to Q B sq
14. Kt takes P	14. P to KB 5	34. P to Q B 4	34. Q to K Kt 5 (ch)
15. Kt to K 4	15. B to K Kt 5 (e)	35. Q takes Q	35. Kt takes Q
16. R to KB 2	16. Kt to K R 5	36. P to Q B 5 (f)	36. P to Q Kt 3
17. B to K 2	17. B takes Kt	37. Kt to K 6	37. B to Q Kt sq
18. B takes B	18. B to Q B 2	38. R takes K Kt P	38. Kt takes B
19. Q to Q 3	19. Q to K sq	39. K takes Kt	39. R to K Kt sq
20. Kt to K Kt 5	20. Kt takes B (ch)	40. R takes R (ch)	40. K takes R
21. R takes Kt	21. Q to K R 4	41. P to Q 5, and wins.	

NOTES.

- (a) This defence to the King's Knight's Gambit was at one time proposed by Jaenisch, but it is at the best an unsatisfactory line of play.
(b) Better, perhaps, P to K R 4.
(c) Imperative, to prevent the advance of the K Kt to K 5.
(d) A fine stroke of play. It requires all White's skill and judgment now to save the game.
(e) The only move.
(f) Very ingenious, and quite conclusive.

SALMON FISHING.—Net-fishing for salmon opened in one or two districts in Ireland on the first day of the new year, and within the last week or two people in London have enjoyed the privilege of purchasing salmon at prices varying from 10s. to 3s. 6d. per pound. The take of fresh-run fish in one of the favoured districts, the Sligo river, has been, we are told, remarkably good, and probably the sale of salmon captured during the first weeks of the season will bring in a sufficient sum to pay the whole of the yearly expenses incurred by the fortunate lessees who are allowed to commence operations a full month before the season opens on other waters, and who are thus enabled to enjoy a remunerative monopoly of supplying the markets with the first fruits of the season. In England none of our rivers open until the second month in the year, when the net-fishing season proper may be said to begin. An application made by the Tees Fishery Board to extend the net-fishing season to the 15th of September has, we are glad to learn, been disallowed by the Secretary of State, who has been wisely advised by the inspectors that such an extension of the fishing season was calculated to work disastrously on the fishing generally of the district. The application of the fishery board had reference also to an extension of the rod-fishing to the 15th of November; and however we may endorse the inspectors' decision in reference to the nets, we think they might with advantage have recommended that anglers should be allowed a few extra days at the end of the season. No river can be injured by fair angling, no matter how largely carried on, and the short extension asked for would have been considered a great boon by the anglers, whose sport at the best is at present very poor.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advr.]

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.—[Advr.]

Whist.

IN the following hand the players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given, A and B being partners against X and Z. The card led is denoted by the index (♠), and the card that wins the trick by the asterisk (*).

B's HAND.
Spades —Knave, 9, 8, 5.
Clubs —Ace, King, Knave.
Diamonds—Knave, 9, 4.
Hearts —8, 6, 3.

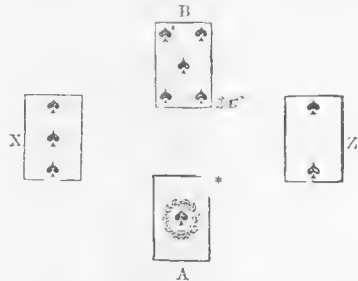
X's HAND.
Spades —6, 4, 3.
Clubs —9, 7, 6, 4.
Diamonds—King, Queen, 8.
Hearts —King, 5, 2.

Z's HAND.
Spades —Queen 10, 7, 2.
Clubs —8, 5, 3.
Diamonds—10, 7, 6.
Hearts —Ace, Queen, 9.

A's HAND.
Spades —Ace, King.
Clubs —Queen, 10, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, 5, 3, 2.
Hearts —Knave, 10, 7, 4.

X turns up the Six of Spades. Score—A B, 1; X Z, love.

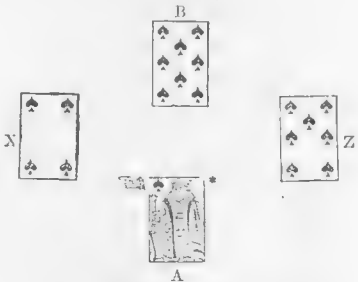
TRICK 1.



TRICK 1.—Won by A. A B, 1; X Z, 0.

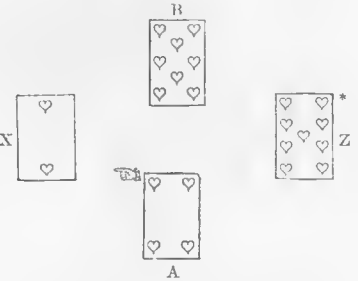
B, following general principles, leads from his only four suit, notwithstanding that it is Trumps. This is a disputed point. Some players advocate the lead, others oppose it, as being too dangerous, and prefer opening one of the three suits. A having Ace, King, only of the suit led, properly takes with Ace and returns the King, thereby informing his partner that he holds no more of the suit.

TRICK 2.



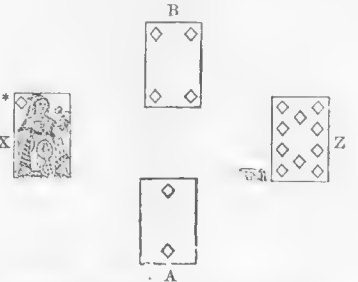
TRICK 2.—Won by A. A B, 2; X Z, 0.

TRICK 3.



TRICK 3.—Won by Z. A B, 2; X Z, 1.

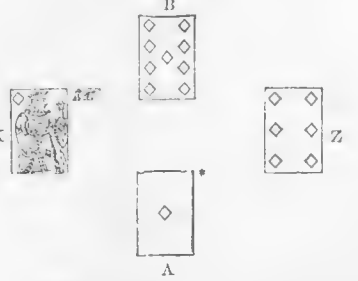
TRICK 4.



TRICK 4.—Won by X. A B, 2; X Z, 2.

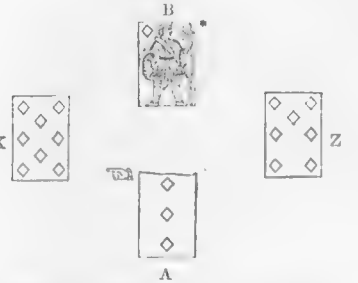
This is almost a forced lead with Z. He naturally objects to lead either Trumps or Hearts, both of which were originally opened by the adversary, as he holds the tenace in both. Having only three Diamonds, he leads the highest.

TRICK 5.



TRICK 5.—Won by A. A B, 3; X Z, 2.

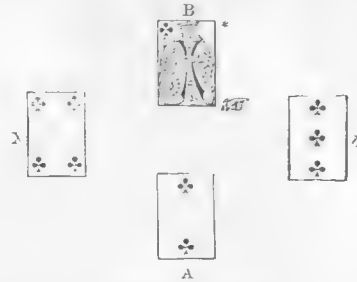
TRICK 6.



TRICK 6.—Won by B. A B, 4; X Z, 2.

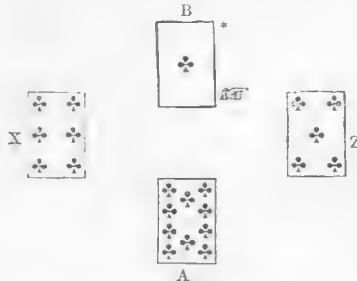
A knows to a certainty that the Knave of Diamonds must be in his partner's hand. The Ten led by Z at Trick 4 was evidently the highest of a three suit (the King having fallen in the last round), and as X won it with the Queen, he clearly cannot have the Knave also.

TRICK 7.



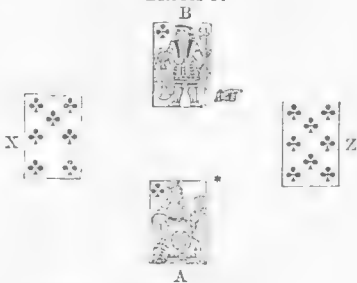
TRICK 7.—Won by B. A B, 5; X Z, 2.

TRICK 8.



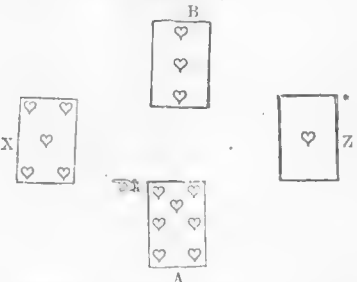
TRICK 8.—Won by B. A B, 6; X Z, 2.

TRICK 9.



TRICK 9.—Won by A. A B, 7; X Z, 2.

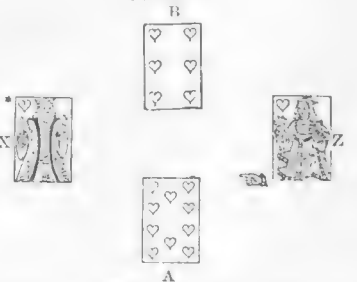
TRICK 10.



TRICK 10.—Won by Z. A B, 7; X Z, 3.

This is the noteworthy trick of the hand. Z knows for a certainty that B holds the Knave and Nine of Trumps, as his first lead was the Five, and he dropped the Eight on the next round, consequently he must have originally held four at least of the suit, the only other Trump in being the Six, turned up by his partner X. Under these circumstances, if he win the trick with the Queen and then lead out the Ace of Hearts, he will have ultimately to lead Trumps up to B's minor "tenace," and will thus lose another trick, and with it the game. He therefore wins the trick with the Ace and leads back the Queen, taking the chance of his partner having the King of Hearts, in which case they save the game. Z cannot possibly lose anything by this mode of play, and may win.

TRICK 11.



TRICK 11.—Won by X. A B, 7; X Z, 4.

TRICK 12.—X leads either the Trump or the Club, and Z wins the two remaining tricks and saves the game.

NEWMARKET.—A heavy thunderstorm broke over Newmarket soon after midnight on Saturday evening; the peals of thunder were very loud, and the lightning remarkably vivid. The storm did not last long, but rain fell in torrents. The "oldest inhabitant" cannot recollect a similar occurrence any previous year in January.

CANADIAN FOOTBALL IN LONDON.—A football club, organised by Canadian residents in London, was formed last year, and has fought some well-contested matches. Its head-quarters are 30, Pavement, Clapham, where they have a dressing and meeting room. Their card is well filled up for the season. Young Canadians desirous of joining the club should apply by letter to Mr. D. E. Miller, hon. secretary, Sherbrook Lodge, West Brixton, S.W.—*Canadian News*.

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—On Saturday at Aldridge's Repository a kennel of greyhounds from Mr. Clemitson, a well-known coursing man of the south, were sold by public auction. The dogs were of celebrated blood, and a large muster of coursing men was present. Two brace of saplings, by Regulator out of Corisande, and pupped last year, realised 74 guineas; and two brace by Blairgowrie out of Gapeed made 145 guineas; and a litter of saplings, by Sandbridge out of Golden Serpent, whelped last June, fetched 106½ guineas. There were 28½ brace of greyhound saplings sold, and for these a spirited competition was kept up. Several brace were bought for exportation to Australia.

A NOVEL HARE HUNT.—A singular occurrence took place a few days ago in the King's Road, Windsor. It seems that a hare had found its way from its more rural haunts into that locality; and, being discovered there, a number of persons pursued it. Puss, after affording some capital fun, ran into the garden of No. 5, Queen's Villas, where it was killed by a youth who had perhaps never heard of the game laws. With great promptitude, however, a policeman was soon upon the spot, who not only seized the hare, but gave information to the officer of excise, who, as in duty bound, has reported the circumstance to the commissioners, and the matter is now under their consideration.

BY THE BYE,

Amongst the old-fashioned, sensational melodramas which—dead and buried long ago in the minds of the oldest London playgoers—have been kept fresh and green in the memories of provincial audiences, stands the *Dream at Sea*, now playing at the Adelphi, where it was originally produced by Mr. J. B. Buckstone—its author—in Nov. 1835, when the *Athenæum* called him “the laureat of the theatre.” It is sufficiently curious to note that another sensational melodrama which was being played on the stage of the world when the *Dream at Sea* was first performed, has been revived also, and is now playing in Spain with the plot unaltered, but with new actors, and with all the old scenery and effects. Newspapers are after all only the play-bills of that Great Globe Theatre on which we are all players, and it is often curious to read the new cast of an old piece played out before fresh audiences with such play-bills of the past upon your desk.



Speaking of newspapers reminds us of something funny we once found in one extracted from an old number of *Sharpe's London Magazine*. The story is worth re-telling and bears its moral. Once upon a time when the fever of game-preserving was very hot indeed, there lived in the Midland counties of a country which shall be nameless, a gallant peer, who, although fond of shooting, and an excellent shot, had no taste for fox-hunting nor sympathy with fox-hunters. Now, although he did not hunt foxes, the nobleman in question took excessive care of his pheasants, but, to the great annoyance of his head keeper, had solemnly given strict orders that the lives and welfare of the foxes should not be endangered by any persons in his employ; for it was a good hunting country, and the master of the hounds was very popular.

One day a party assembled to shoot over one of the nobleman's best covers, when the keeper, addressing a gentleman whose annual visits made him well known to him, said in a low pleading voice, and with great earnestness,—

“There's a fox in the cover, Sir, and he always breaks at this corner;” adding, after a cautious glance around, and in a still lower voice, “if you could only just knock him over by mistake, I should be so much obliged to you.”

The gentleman addressed, had a well-known prejudice against fox-hunting and dislike of foxes, but he felt it was his duty to rebuke the keeper, and began to do so, when the latter in a state of great excitement, interrupted him by exclaiming,—

“There he is, Sir! there he is! nobody's looking!”

A glance showed the sportsman as fine a fellow as ever wore a brush, breaking in gallant style, and pointing straight for the splendidly open country, in a way that would have rejoiced the heart of a fox-hunter. The sight revived his strong dislike of such animals; his gun was raised, and he covered the animal almost before he knew what he was doing. A gleeful cry from the keeper made him hesitate; a sudden cry of “Now, Sir!” made him fire; and in an evil moment over rolled poor Charlie, never to rise or run again. The future sport of hundreds was in an instant destroyed!

As the smoke rose and dispersed, the vulpecide lowered his gun, filled with remorse. He couldn't imagine why he had been so foolish. The keeper sprang hastily forward, threw the body of poor Reynard into a ditch, kicked some leaves over him, and returned laughing with a hearty, “Thank you, sir, and many of 'em!”

The cover having been beat out, there came the assemblage of sportsmen, and the keeper in high spirits proceeded to count the slain piled up in an immense heap before them. There was the usual laughing and congratulating after the announcement of success. There was, of course, the inevitable woodcock which everybody had missed for various reasons—sun in the eyes, and so on; the usual compliments, etc. In the midst of the laughing and talking a toot-tooting of horns was heard, and up came the master of the hounds with a goodly array of scarlet at his heels. After the usual salutations, the master explained that having drawn his fixture and other coverts blank, he had led the way to this wood under the impression that its noble owner had already shot through it. The excuse being politely received, the “Nimrods” stood amongst the “Ramrods” chatting and laughing, and the keeper proceeding with his work had just arrived at “the tittle of the whole,” when a small urchin of a very curious and observant turn of mind, who had crept up from an adjacent field, in which he had been scaring crows, squeaked out,—

“Affare v. the King with the great long bushy tail?”



The words fell into their midst like a bomb-shell, and all eyes being luckily directed to the little speaker, the sudden way in which the keeper, after darting a withering glance at the luckless lad, stooped over the game to hide his face, and the conscience-stricken vulpecide's face grew red, were unobserved by all except a quick-witted beater, who reading such signs aright, came gloriously to the rescue saying, “Is it the squirrel you want my boy;” adding in his innocence, “you will find it somewhere in the ditch.” A sudden application of toe, with a fundamental object in view, sent the lad scampering, and made the guilty creature, who in his terror and agony had been wishing the earth would open to receive and hide him, heave a sigh of relief as he sauntered with seeming carelessness to a spot outside the group, heaping inaudible blessings on that ready beater's amiable heart. The master of the hounds was, however, anything but satisfied, and abruptly declining to refresh himself and field at the castle, he trotted away with a brow black as midnight. However, the scarlets had their ride, and healthy exercise in the fresh pure air is in itself a boon of no mean value. As somebody said recently, significantly enough, “it is far better to spend money in keeping hunters, than in enriching the seidlitz-powder makers,” or we may add the doctors:—speaking of whom, by the bye, we may note in the words of a non-sporting Glasgow contemporary, that “there are few hunts, especially in England, in which the sons of Galen are not well represented by men equally well skilled in charging a bullfinch or reducing a fracture. The dental profession is no less strongly represented in some hunts. Lately we were reminded of an accident on the first turn-out of a professor of that science, under the tutorial care of a well-known veteran. The find and the couple of fields to gallop were soon got over; and as the first object was neared, the mentor said to the pupil, “Noo, Sir, ye'll just follow Mr. —.” Up came Mr. —, sitting slightly back, hands down, as became an artist, and cleared it in his stride; while his follower, on a practised hunter, got over also, but landed heavily on his horse's neck. The veteran, creeping through a gap, came up as his pupil got righted, and congratulating him, said, “Ye did gey weel; but, doctor, man, ye see this work is clean different from drawing teeth.”



This anecdote carries our thoughts far back along the road of time, to the famous sporting Doctor Cadogan, who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, and to whom the following lines—we quote from memory—refer:—

“Doctor, all game you either ought to shun,
Or sport no longer with the unsteady gun,
But like physicians of undoubted skill
Gladly adopt what never fails to kill,
Not lead's uncertain dross, but physic's deadly pill.”

The mention of killing, by the bye, reminds us that Doctor Cadogan's wife on one occasion, took it into her head that she had been poisoned by him, and accused him before some medical and other friends of having done so. With perfect nonchalance, Cadogan replied, “Gentlemen, this is perfectly false, but if you doubt it, you have my permission to open her at once, and put it to the proof.” On another occasion, boasting of the purity and beneficent character of his profession, and complaining of the calumnies and suspicions endured by some of his brethren, he said, “Thank God, however, I escape, for no one can complain of me.” On hearing this, a lady who was present, said quietly, “It is impossible that you can be sure of that, Doctor, unless you know the subjects of conversation in the next world.”

Turning from sporting doctors, we may note, as showing how intimately sport blends with the drama, that, amongst celebrated amateur actors, dramatic critics, and play-writers, doctors figure quite as often and as prominently. It may be remembered that amongst others, Queen Anne's favourite physician, Swift and Pope's friend, the celebrated Doctor Arbuthnot, and the famous Tobias Smollett, were play-writers. Of Smollett, by the bye, there is an anecdote told which, although it is neither sporting nor dramatic, you may care to hear. He was apprenticed, if we remember rightly, in Glasgow, to a surgeon, named Gordon, a man of some eminence in his profession. One of the favourite companions of Tobias, was another surgeon's apprentice, who is said to figure as ‘Crab’ in ‘Roderick Random.’ ‘Crab,’ as we will call him, deserting his master's counter to join Tobias in a game at snowballing, returned to find his frowning master in the shop; and, red and confused, stammered out as an excuse:—

“Oh! if you please, Sir, a fellow outside threw a snowball at me, as I was making up a prescription, and I ran after him.”

“Indeed!” replied the surgeon, emphatically and scornfully, “a mighty probable story, truly, I wonder how long I should stand here before it would enter the head of any passer-by to throw a snowball at me.” As he spoke, with head erect, and lip curved with scornful incredulity, he suddenly received a smart blow in his face from a snowball, thrown by Smollett, who having crept as close to the door as he could, to note the fate of his favourite companion, without being seen, extricated ‘Crab’ from the difficulty of replying, by what Dr. Moore called, “a repartee equally smart and *à propos*.”

GOLDSMITH's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* will be played at the Gaiety *matinée* to-day, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson) as ‘Young Marlow’ and ‘Miss Hardcastle,’ and Mr. Cecil will essay for the first time the part of ‘Tony Lumpkin.’

THE THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST.—PRESENTATION TO MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

LAST night Mr. Barry Sullivan took his benefit, making his last appearance but one in Belfast, prior to his departure for America. There was an immense auditory, every part of the house being inconveniently overcrowded. The doors were besieged long before the usual hour for admittance, so that it was found necessary to open them at six o'clock, an hour before the customary time. The performance commenced with *Richelieu*, in which Mr. Sullivan sustained the rôle of the great ‘Cardinal’ with the masterly ability which has rendered him the premier actor of the British stage. The ordinary sequence of the programme was interrupted by an event no less creditable to those taking part in it than it was to the eminent actor in whose honour it was originated. That event was the presentation of a costly and beautiful service of plate to Mr. Sullivan, as a testimony of the kindly feelings entertained towards him by his many admirers in Belfast. Nowhere has Mr. Sullivan's genius been more cordially recognised, and from no place could he more fittingly carry with him to the Western Republic a memento of public appreciation of his talents than from the Athens of the North. The enthusiasm which pervaded the Theatre Royal last night testified with greater force than any words to his reputation and personal popularity. At the conclusion of *Richelieu* the stage was taken possession of by Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Warden, James Alex. Henderson, Esq. J.P. (ex-Mayor of Belfast); Bernard Hughes, Esq. J.P.; Charles Telford, Esq.; D. F. Spiller, Esq.; N. A. Campbell, Esq.; David Cunningham, Esq.; and a number of other leading citizens of the town. In a prominent central position was placed a table laden with the handsome and elaborate presents. The curtain was then raised—the precursor of a tremendous outburst of cheering, which was not confined to any single portion of the building. When the ovation, which continued for several minutes, exhausted itself,—

Mr. BERNARD HUGHES, J.P., coming to the front of the stage, said it gave him great pleasure to introduce the ex-Mayor of Belfast, who they all knew discharged the duties of that high municipal office with so much honour to himself and advantage to the town, to read an address, to be accompanied by the superb service of plate which they all saw before them, to Mr. Barry Sullivan, a countryman, who was an honour to Ireland and a credit to it wherever he went. (Loud cheers.) He begged to call upon Mr. Henderson to read the address.

Mr. J. A. HENDERSON, J.P., who was received with great cheering, said:—Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first occasion on which I have appeared on any stage (laughter); but it is an exceedingly agreeable and pleasant duty which calls upon me now to attend here—to do honour to an Irish gentleman. (Great cheering.) It is not the first time that Belfast people have done honour to the genius and character of the tragedians of our country. (Cheers.) Some of those whom I now address may perhaps remember the farewell of Edmund Kean when he bade adieu to the stage and the people of Belfast. But we have now amongst us one who by his genius, by his honour, and his talent as a tragedian has won from us our esteem, our pride, and our pleasure. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, a most agreeable duty has been imposed upon me. Another should have occupied the place I here hold; but we can understand his absence, and I hope we all respect the feelings of others. (Cheers.) However, although I am only the ex-Mayor of Belfast, I hope that my friend, Mr. Barry Sullivan, will not less respect the testimonial which it is my privilege to hand him. (Cheers.) In Cork, he was greeted by the Mayor and the honourable members for the city and the county; and in Limerick, the City of the Tribes, he was received with all that respect which he so eminently deserves. Although he has come to what has been called the Black North, I feel he will be assured, after this night, that the sunny smiles of the ladies of the north, and the esteem in which he is held by the people in this part of Ireland, equal, if they do not excel, the favour shown him in other portions of the country. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Henderson then read the address, which was couched in the most flattering terms.

Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN, who was yet attired in the robes of ‘the Cardinal,’ replied in these terms:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen—Facile as I may be in uttering the glories verse of the immortal poets—when I lay aside Thalia's mask—when in *propria persona*—in my own feeble prose, I would express the feelings with which I receive the great honour you this night confer upon me, the sincere emotions of my heart rob me of my powers, and I can only trust my faltering tongue to assure you that, with my whole soul, I thank you!”

“Some years have passed since first I made acquaintance with Belfast. To me that acquaintanceship has been one of great pleasure, and let me hope that it has been equally so to you. Let me hope that to you it has been fertile in those imaginative shapes, which, as drawn by the dramatist's pen, and realised by the actor's art, ‘give delight, and hurt not.’

“Year after year I have returned to Belfast, to be received always with the same unbounded kindness. When far away on the other side of the globe, the cordial relations which had been established between us often recurred to my mind, and gave an additional stimulus to my unceasing efforts to uphold the honour and dignity of the legitimate drama.

“In beautiful Erin, unfortunately, there are many differences of opinion—differences which, I trust, may soon be reconciled, and banished for ever from the dear old land. But, wherever I have gone—north or south, whether it be in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, or Belfast—I have always received the same generous appreciation, indeed I may say affectionate regard. Once more I leave you for a time to revisit the great Republic of the West, and to receive, I hope, from its mighty people a renewal of that patronage and distinction with which they were pleased to honour me on my former visit; but, wherever I go, or whatever may be my fate, the great kindness of the public of Belfast can never fade from my memory until my heart has ceased to beat.

“Ladies and Gentlemen of Belfast—I receive your beautiful testimonial gift with pleasure, pride, and gratitude. Again and again I tender you my heart's best thanks for all your kindness to me. What can I say more? What ought I to say more? May Belfast go on and prosper in the future as she has done in the past—as through the spirit and self-reliant energy of her people she deserves to do—and may we meet again! My dear, kind friends, I bid you all a most affectionate farewell!”

The curtain here fell, amid great enthusiasm, but in response to the repeated calls of the house it was again raised, when Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Henderson appeared, and bowed their acknowledgment of the gracious and hearty salutation accorded them.

The performance was then resumed, *The Wonder* concluding the entertainment.

The presentation, which consisted of eight beautiful specimens of silver plate, rich and ornate in workmanship, and altogether very creditable to the taste and judgment of the selectors, was purchased at the well-known establishment of Mr. Gibson, Donegall place.—*Belfast News-Letter*, January 16, 1875.

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NUNEHAM left Stanton's Stud Farm, near Kingsclere, on Tuesday morning for the seat of his owner, Mr. Grettton, Cotton Hall, Derbyshire. Nuneham, by Oxford out Auricula, is now six years old, and was backed very heavily for both the Two Thousand and Derby. He was then in the Heath House stable, and Matthew Dawson had a very high opinion of the colt, especially for speed.

OLD ROCK STEEPLE-CHASES.—In the case of bets on the Consolation Stakes at Old Rock, 1874, the stewards are of opinion that the backers of Fanny Fowler should receive, inasmuch as there was no intention of fraud through the accidental wrong nomination of the mare Fanny Fowler.—Signed—J. F. Montgomery, J. Chaîne, J. Grey, J. Owens, and Templetown (stewards).

PIGEON SHOOTING AT MONACO.—On Tuesday an object of art and some money prizes were shot for at Monaco, at five birds each, 27 yards' rise. The chief prize was won by Signor Barbino, who killed seven in succession. The second money was carried off by M. L. Maskens, the third by Captain Henry J. Fane, and M. Robert Hennessy won the fourth. There were 75 competitors and a large attendance. The weather was fine.

PRESENTATION TO THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.—This nobleman was last week presented with his portrait in oil by the members of the Brocklesby Hunt who are tenants of his lordship. The portrait comprises the Earl and Countess of Yarrowburgh, Lord Worsley, Lady Gertrude, and Master Pelham in hunting costume, on favourite horses, with Nimrod Long, the huntsman, and two of the whips in the background. The artist was Mr. Lutyens.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS.—Last week, after a capital run with these hounds, the deer bounded over the same fence on the Aylesbury Steeple-chase course that Lady of the Manor and others refused last year, the hunters all following, and taking the exact line of the flags for four fences. The previous week they crossed the three first fences of the Grand National Hunt Course, running to the town. Not one fall or mistake occurred, the going being excellent.

ROYAL SPORT IN WINDSOR FOREST.—On Wednesday the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian, accompanied by Lord Carlington, Earl of Hardwicke, and a select party, left Cumberland Lodge at eleven o'clock in a *char-à-banc* and four, and drove through the private drives to Virginia Water, where the illustrious party was met by Mr. Overton, the head gamekeeper, and a number of beaters, and shot over the pheasant coverts round the lake and also at Fort Belvedere, making some very heavy bags.

LAUGHING IN A THEATRE.—It is not often that Englishmen have the chance of enjoying a hearty laugh in the theatres. The dismal performances called burlesques can hardly move those most anxious to be amused; and when pure comedy is attempted it is difficult to become enthusiastic over mild sentimentalities. In America they are apparently more fortunate; but in that happy land of freedom, whose praises Mr. Forster has been singing, playgoers cannot always give free expression to their enjoyment. At a recent entertainment in Boston, which had been advertised as amazingly funny, a great many people laughed loudly. One of the audience, a well-known Boston merchant, especially distinguished himself by his demonstrativeness. He was overpowered by the humour of the situations, the brilliance of the dialogue, and the skill of the actors. It might be thought that the proprietor would be obliged by such appreciation of his efforts, and do all in his power to encourage unrestrained mirth. On the contrary, he was deeply offended. Coming forward, he admonished the happy merchant to put a check on his feelings—to which the merchant replied that "he'd try to laugh in his sleeve next time." Circumstances, however, were too much for him, and his manifestations of pleasure soon became as cordial as before. At last a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and "invited him out." He refused to go, having paid his money for the very purpose of being stirred to laughter; but he was dragged to the door and pushed outside. The proprietor then recognised him, apologised for what had happened, and entreated him to return. This the outraged citizen refused to do, and he has now appealed to the Boston courts for redress. The question to be tried is, "whether the proprietor of a place of amusement, who advertises to amuse people, and sells tickets that they may be amused, can eject an amused patron simply for an involuntary expression of his pleasure." Evidence will be brought to prove that the laughter so much objected to was caused solely by the performance. The case certainly seems a hard one, but meanwhile it is impossible not to congratulate the Americans on the power of their stage to excite ecstasies long unknown to theatre-goers of the Old World. Even if there was a touch of cynicism in the laugh of the merchant, a cynical laugh may occasionally be better than none at all.—*Globe*.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC.—Illustrated by a portrait of the Earl of Hardwicke, this annual almanac has just been published by Mr. C. W. Alcock. Besides the "Yearly Calendar," the almanac contains the laws of all athletic sports of every description, list of hunting packs, winners of the principal races, &c., &c.; and, in fact, is a valuable work of reference for all sporting men. It is published, price 1s., at 171, Fenchurch Street, London.

THE LAST OF THE SHOOTING IN THE NORTH.—Those sportsmen who have been depending upon a few days' good shooting in the North at the end of the season, will be woefully disappointed. The late severe storm has wrought dreadful havoc among all birds save grouse, which have stood the inclemency of the weather almost without scathe. Deer would have died from starvation had they been left to their own resources, but in most forests they have been supplied with hay by the keepers. Hares and rabbits have been much deteriorated in condition, the snow, fortunately for the farmer, having protected the swedes from their disastrously-nibbling teeth; many of the vermin have been found dead in the fields, and a good job too, say we. We do not wish to see them exterminated, but we desire much that they should be kept in due bounds, and that to tenants' hands alone should be left the power of limitation. Partridges in the Highland districts have dropped off "like rotten sheep," their plump little bodies being literally skeletonized. It is to be regretted that deaths should occur among these pretty and delicately-flavoured birds, as they are not in any appreciable degree destructive to crops, and are not over plentiful. Pheasants have not suffered so much, but small birds of every description have in great numbers fallen victims to the intense frost and the deep covering of snow, which prevented them from discovering a crumb or a seed anywhere.

"The north winds do blow, and we shall have snow,
And what shall poor robin do then?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm.
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!"

The poor birds in the north could not find any shelter, and so they put their heads under their wing only to be frozen to death.—*The Farmer*.

GORILLA HUNTING.—The *Revue des Deux Mondes Illustrée* relates the following episode of the experience of M. du Chaillu in the jungles of equatorial Africa:—"We had been beating the bushes somewhat at hazard for more than two hours without encountering any game, when at last an enormous gorilla started up all of a sudden, and advanced straight towards us, roaring with anger, as if he had said to us, 'I am tired of being chased like this; here I am, I am coming to you.' It was a solitary male—they are the most ferocious; he made the forest resound with his cries, like the rumbling of distant thunder. He was about thirty paces from us when we first perceived him. He stopped. We at once closed to each other, and I was about to shoot him where he stood, when my faithful hunter, Malouen, murmured in my ear, 'Not yet!' We therefore remained motionless and mute, gun in hand. The animal fixed on us for an instant his evil grey eyes, began to beat his breast with his gigantic arms, gave a new roar of defiance, and began to advance. He again halted about twenty yards from us. Malouen repeated 'Not yet!' The monster resumed his march; he was not more than fifteen paces off. I could look full into his ferocious visage, contracted by rage; his enormous teeth gnashed horribly, the wrinkled skin of his forehead rose and fell with rapidity, giving to his hideous features an indescribable and diabolical expression. I could not help thinking of my poor hunter killed a few days before. I pictured to myself the situation of the unfortunate man at a moment when, his gun discharged, he saw his pitiless enemy come upon him, not with a sudden bound like a leopard, but with regulated pace, marching surely to his vengeance, inevitable as destiny. The monster gave another roar, sufficient to make the forest tremble, still looking straight into our eyes, and beating his breast; then he advanced again. This time he was only ten yards from us. My breathing was rapid, so much did I feel excited by the approach of the enormous beast. 'Attention!' said Malouen to me. The gorilla made another halt. 'Now,' said Malouen, and, at the moment the animal opened his jaws to give another roar, he received three bullets in the body and fell dead, almost without a convulsion. 'Never fire too soon,' said my man to me: 'if you had missed him he would not have missed you. In hunting that terrible monkey you must be thoroughly penetrated with the importance and necessity of never flying before the animal. To stand your ground is to preserve the sole chance of safety.'"

CHELTEMHAM GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLE-CHASES.—To this steeple-chase, with 500 sovs. added, Mr. W. R. Holman has already obtained numerous subscribers, and the following noblemen and gentlemen have consented to act as stewards:—His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Coventry, M.F.H., Lord Fitzhardinge, M.F.H., Sir Wm. Throckmorton, M.F.H., Sir Reginald Graham, M.F.H. The Cheltenham Gun Club intend having a grand handicap, value 100 sovs. shot for on the Wednesday before the steeple-chases.

THE MANCHESTER BETTING CLAUSE.—With reference to the betting clause in the Manchester Improvement Bill which Parliament will next session be asked to pass, a correspondent of the *Manchester Evening News*, after quoting the clause, says:—"All this being interpreted, I conceive, to mean that if a policeman saw a merchant (who occasionally bets, and they nearly all do) talking to a bookmaker or betting man, he could, on his own individual responsibility, arrest the pair, and a betting book found on either would justify the act. Is not the bare possibility of such a thing monstrous, and surely needs some decided expression of public opinion before it be quietly smuggled through the genius of the Council to London! The Metropolitan Street Betting Act sufficiently provides for the street betting nuisance, and can easily be applied to Manchester if desired."

"OUT OF THE EATER CAME FORTH MEAT."—M. Constant Cheret, the well-known lion hunter, recently sent the editor of *La Chasse Illustrée* a magnificent quarter of a lion, which he had shot in the neighbourhood of Philippeville, Algeria, in the course of the month of December. With a view to doing all possible honour to the sportsman's gift, the editor invited his staff to dine with him at the Restaurant Magny, a house renowned for its cook and cellar, and well patronised by *Messieurs les Chasseurs*. On this momentous occasion the great Magny himself superintended the dinner, and prepared the principal dishes with his own hand. The guests were 19 in number, and the menu was one of the choicest; indeed, Mr. Lion seems to have been the pretext for organising one of the prettiest and most recherché gastronomical fêtes that we have heard of for a long time. The bill of fare was as follows:—*Huitres de Marennes; Beurre et olives; Potages tapioca et bisque; Bouche à la Reine; Barbe sauce Hollandaise; Filets à la Rossini; Estouffade de lion à la Méridionale; Cœur de lion à la Castellane; Coq de bruyère flangé de béasses; Petits pois; Biscuit glacé. Vins: Chablis, Sauterne, Rousillon's champagne, Corton, &c.* The dinner, as a specimen of the culinary art, was perfect; but, of course, the great attraction was the lion ham and heart. These dishes were prepared by Magny himself in the following manner:—*Estouffade de lion à la méridionale.* Mariner the lion for a week with plenty of spice, onions, carrots, thyme, bay-leaves, garlic, parsley, and cloves; then pour red wine over it—some Burgundy or a strong Southern wine—until it is completely covered, taking care to add a little good cognac. At the end of the week strain the lion on a cloth, remove the sinews, cut it into nice filets, lard them, and put them into a *casseroles* with olive oil. When the outside is slightly browned, remove them from the saucepan, and place them *en couronne* in a large frying pan, along with a third of the *marinade*, some butter, and the third of a quarter of orange. Prick a few fine olives with pins, remove the stones, and place them along with the filets half an hour before serving. Four hours' cooking is sufficient. *Cœur de lion à la Castellane.* Chop up a pound of fat bacon, and a pound of lean veal, season it well with salt, pepper, and spice; pass it through a strainer, as you would in making a *purée*, after having warmed it on the fire. Now mix a pound of *farce de volaille* with it, adding a little cognac, some Madeira, and half a pound of mushrooms chopped up small. Remove the centre of the heart, fill it with the *farce*, roll it and envelope it in a *pâtée*. Cook it for three hours and a half, and serve it up with a *demi-glace* and a *gariture* of mushroom *farces*. When Mr. Lion was placed upon the table, there was a religious silence, which, however, only lasted for a few seconds, for at the first mouthful a murmur of approbation ran round the table, and the guests with one accord drank to the health of M. Cheret and M. Magny, coupling in their admiration the valiant lion-slayer and the clever *artiste* who had proved himself able to prepare such a delicious dish out of the flesh of this ferocious game, which is more frequently in the habit of eating others than of being eaten itself. In these days of economy it is pleasing to find that even lions in carcase can be utilized, and that no longer is a live dog better than a dead lion. M. Magny should come over to Regent's Park, and give Mr. Bartlett a few of these simple recipes.—*Land and Water*.

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TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 25, the property of a Gentleman.

MENDIGO, black colt by Beadsman out of Callipolis by Charleston, her dam Kalipyge by Bay Middleton out of Venus by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 25, the following HORSES, well-known with the Holderness and Lord Middleton's Hounds, and up to 13st and 14st, the property of a Gentleman who is unable to hunt in consequence of ill health.

- 1. BAY HORSE by Sir Charles out of Lady Georgina by St. Lawrence out of Minerva (sister to Morpeth), 10 yrs.
- 2. CHESTNUT HORSE by Herbert out of Olivia Augusta by Cowl, granddam Maria by Belshazzar out of Melbourne's dam, 6 yrs.
- 3. BAY HORSE by The Count out of Olivia Augusta by Cowl, granddam Maria by Belshazzar out of Melbourne's dam.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 25.

THE LONDON HORSE REPOSITORY.

161A, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. The best Stabling Premises in London, with accommodation for One Hundred Horses.

THE LONDON HORSE REPOSITORY.

161A, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTION SALES are held of HORSES to be SOLD, without reserve, the first and third FRIDAY in each month at Twelve o'clock.

THE ASSOCIATION was established

in OCTOBER, 1873, for the purpose of providing a CO-OPERATIVE STORE devoted exclusively to the supply of WINES, SPIRITS, and LIQUEURS, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments.

- 1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.
- 2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store bad debts is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.
- 3. This prior payment provides to the store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that as his business grows more and more money is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a store, and money paid for them before, in the ordinary course of trade, the wholesale dealer receives payment, and therefore the accession of business provides its own needed capital.
- 4. The annual payment of 5s. for a ticket, although not felt in the unit, amounts in the aggregate to so large a sum as to contribute substantially towards payment of rent, salaries, &c.

The governing council are issuing tickets to the public entitling them to purchase from the Association on the same terms as to prices and discounts as Shareholders.

ANNUAL TICKETS, 5s.

TICKETS NOW ISSUING, AVAILABLE TILL 31st DECEMBER, 1875. Applications for tickets, giving name in full, address, and usual signature, must be accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the ticket.

SIRES FOR THE SEASON, 1875.

At Street Farm, Buckland, Reigate. KING OF THE FOREST; twenty mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom.

COSTA, by the Baron out of Catherine

Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of

the highest caste, about 14 hands 3 in., imported last year. Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

JOSKIN, by West Australian out of

Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz; sire of Chawaboon, Plebeian, &c. At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

RUPERT (foaled 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 1 in., by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam (a Lanercost or Retriever mare), her dam, Physalis, by B. Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of General Peel's dam, Brown Bess, by Camel (by Whalebone). Rupert thus combines the fastest with the best staying blood. He is very handsome, a beautiful red roan, with black legs, tail, and mane, fine shoulders, showy action, good bone, and fine temper. He was a good race-horse, started six times at three years old, winning three times—the Rous Stakes, the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, besides running for the Goodwood Cup the same week; he was fourth for the Derby. At ten guineas thoroughbred mares, and five guineas half-bred mares.

PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by Touchstone; dark brown without white, 16 hands, with fine action, power, and temper; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup. At five guineas thoroughbreds, three guineas half-bred mares, farmers' mares at two guineas.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert Gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

TO SERVE MARES, 1875.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

MERRY SUNSHINE, (own brother

to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer out of Sunflower (dam of Sunlight, Crocus, &c.) by Bay Middleton, at 10gs. a mare, groom's fee included.

Merry Sunshine is a bay horse, standing 16.1, has great bone, good action, and is sound.

Apply to Mr. SHARPE, as above.

ARAB PONY STALLION, at the Tarf Tavern,

Dringhouses, near York.

JAMIL, chestnut, height 13 hds. 1 1/2 in.,

of the purest blood of Arabia, and exceedingly handsome. He ran ten times in India, winning seven times, at all distances. Took 1st prize at the Horse Show of all India at Poona in 1873. Imported by, and the property of Captain Dent, 3rd Hussars. Twenty-five mares at 25 a mare, and five shillings the groom.

Apply to Mr. DREWRY as above.

GOOD STABLES FOR MARES.

FLEETFOOT, black-ticked Dog, by

Master McGrath out of Victory by Patent. He is own brother to Negro, winner of four stakes, and to Mischief, winner of one stake; and also to Nell, runner up to the winner in Puppy Stakes at Brigg. At 5 guineas. Fleetfoot was 1st Crystal Palace '72, 3rd '73; his dam, Victory by Patent, was 1st in '73, bitch class. Apply to JAMES HICKS, The Orchard, Boyne Hill, Maidenhead.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

MACGREGOR (winner of 2000 guineas,

he beat winners of Derby, Oaks, and Leger), by Macaroni, at 15 guineas; winners or their dams of good races half price.

STENTOR (winner of French 2000 guineas, sire of

Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best three years old in France), by De Clare—Songstress, winner of Oaks, at 10 guineas.

IDUS (best four years old of his year, winner of New-

market Handicap, he beat Rosicrucian, Muskel, Paganini, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, at 10 guineas; winners or their dams of 100 sovs. half price.

HESPER (winner of many races), at 6 guineas.

Apply to STUB GRANT for full particulars.

At the Cobham Paddocks, Surrey.

BLAIR ATHOL, at 100 guineas a mare.

—Subscription full.

MARSYAS, at 50 guineas a mare.—Subscription full.

MACARONI, at 50 guineas a mare.—The subscription to this horse is full.

WILD OATS, by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden

Horn, by Harkaway. Thirty mares, including the Company's, at 25 guineas each.

CHATTANOOGA (Sire of Wellingtonia and John

Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacanora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15 guineas a mare.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s.

Apply to Mr. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Hurstbourne Park, Whitechurch, Hants.

BALLY EDMOND, by Bantam out of

Chaseaway by Harkaway; has been a good stayer under high weights. Thorough-bred mares at eight guineas; half-breds at four guineas.

Apply to Mr. JOHN COATES, as above.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL

by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

HERBERT RYMILL, Proprietor.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

(Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

General Accidents. Personal Injuries. Railway Accidents. Death by Accidents. C. HARDING, Manager.

RUGBY HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES.

will take place at RUGBY, in conjunction with THE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLE-CHASES, under the Grand National Steeple-chase Rules, On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, February 23 and 24, 1875.

STEWARDS.

Earl Howe. Earl of Aylesbury. Lord Willoughby De Broke. Prince Sapieha. Capt. H. Cotton. W. E. Oakley, Esq., M.F.H. E. C. Burton, Esq. A. Byass, Esq. H. Wood, Esq. J. W. Gibson Watt, Esq. R. Lant, Esq., M.F.H.

Hon. Sec., Mr. A. OVER, V.S., Rugby.

Mr. J. PRATT, New Barnet, Herts, Clerk of the Course and Judge. Messrs. WEATHERBY, Handicappers. Major H. DIXON, Starter.

FIRST DAY, February 23.

The FARMERS' MAIDEN PLATE of sovs., given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen hunting in the neighbourhood, for bona fide hunters which have never started in any Steeple-chase, Hurdle, or Flat race, bona fide and unconditionally the property of farmers or their sons, occupying at least 50 acres of land, and residing within the limits of the Atherstone, Pychley, North or South Warwickshire, Mr. Talby's, or the Duke of Grafton's Hounds, and which have been their property for at least two months before the day of running. To be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire. The winner to receive

second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth, thirty-first, thirty-second, thirty-third, thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth, thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth, thirty-ninth, fortieth, forty-first, forty-second, forty-third, forty-fourth, forty-fifth, forty-sixth, forty-seventh, forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, fifty-first, fifty-second, fifty-third, fifty-fourth, fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth, fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth, fifty-ninth, sixtieth, sixty-first, sixty-second, sixty-third, sixty-fourth, sixty-fifth, sixty-sixth, sixty-seventh, sixty-eighth, sixty-ninth, seventieth, seventy-first, seventy-second, seventy-third, seventy-fourth, seventy-fifth, seventy-sixth, seventy-seventh, seventy-eighth, seventy-ninth, eightieth, eighty-first, eighty-second, eighty-third, eighty-fourth, eighty-fifth, eighty-sixth, eighty-seventh, eighty-eighth, eighty-ninth, ninetieth, ninety-first, ninety-second, ninety-third, ninety-fourth, ninety-fifth, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, ninety-eighth, ninety-ninth, one hundred, one hundred and one, one hundred and two, one hundred and three, one hundred and four, one hundred and five, one hundred and six, one hundred and seven, one hundred and eight, one hundred and nine, one hundred and ten, one hundred and eleven, one hundred and twelve, one hundred and thirteen, one hundred and fourteen, one hundred and fifteen, one hundred and sixteen, one hundred and seventeen, one hundred and eighteen, one hundred and nineteen, one hundred and twenty, one hundred and twenty-one, one hundred and twenty-two, one hundred and twenty-three, one hundred and twenty-four, one hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and twenty-six, one hundred and twenty-seven, one hundred 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